

No. 2790

Libra

BOSTON

N. B.

Library of
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY



BRIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE
CATHOLIC RECORD.

Vol. IX.—JULY, 1873.—No. 31.

RITUALISM, A RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHIC INDEX.

"BUT can ye not discern the signs of the times?" The restless and feverish anxiety of mind, the skeptical habitude of thought and inquiry, the superinduced propensity of universal doubt; and the malformation and crudity of mental processes that meet the observer on every side, make the solution, and reading of the moral and intellectual signs, a rather perplexing and difficult problem, what will this fast-approaching future reveal? Doubt, and mystery, and darkness, "and thrice threefold the gates" that shut out from the calculating vision the yet unborn heir of all our wisdom and folly, our virtues and vices, and our ignorance and knowledge. The race of prophets is entirely extinct, at least, in an official or Judaic sense, and seers no longer are sent to comfort the doubting and console the weak. But the desire to know something of the coming times is still strongly inherent. Moral speculators will confute and politic calculators opine on rational or irrational bases. That there is a radical commotion, if not an

entire change, in many or most of the fundamental canons of both religion and science, hitherto fixedly held by a great part of the civilized world, is now too evident to suppose the possibility of denial. There is something more than mere coincidence in the fact that *physico-mania* and *rituo-mania* coexist, and are identified almost historically in their birth, growth, and popular acceptance. Superficially they have nothing in common. The one displays an inevitable tendency towards the grossest materialism, whilst the other is accepted among the good, easy, hopeful, prayerful, and pious Catholics as "a step in the right direction." The writer looks on this latter view of the matter as a "golden dream," sweet but delusive, and will proceed to give reasons for the faith that is in him. The reasons may not bring conviction to every mind; but if they arouse attention, and elicit an interchange of views on a subject that will soon engross the whole of Christendom, their end is fully attained. Lest the remotest

imputation of Puritanism might cling to the following sentiments it may be prudent to assert that its spirit was, from the first faint glimmer of reason, most abhorrent and repulsive to the writer.

Puritanism he regards as fanatical spirituality, frenzy growing out of intense though foolish zeal, a striving after the angelic by the least angelic part of humanity, the spiritual madness of a sane people; or, in other terms, diabolism stripped of its customary luxury, sensuality, self-indulgence, and indifference. It steels the softest and kindest breast, and licks up the fount of human affections. The generous impulses of nature freeze into stolid selfishness wherever the Puritan breathes victorious or dominates. Nothing that can command the respect or reverence of a noble mind does it possess except its gloomy imperturbation, and stern, unyielding resolution. These positive qualities, which it has, when tempered, purified, and directed by a true religious guidance, and mollified by the benign influences of divine grace, have under other circumstances wrought wonders on earth and filled many a vacant throne in heaven.

Ritualism is the other extreme to Puritanism. All in it is false and hollow. It has neither the express commands and formularies of Jehovah as had the Jews, nor the convictions and apostolic traditions as have the Catholics, from which a ceremonious form of worship could arise. It is in its every joint and limb as purely a human contrivance as the "Thirty-nine Articles," or the "Confession of Augsburg," or any other of the Reformed formulæ; and as much more so as the traditional usages, dogmas, and rites of Catholicity are less known and understood now than in the great upheaval of the sixteenth century. The more the human mind enters into the formation of religious belief the less divine that belief is. Hence the

sanctified tenacity, the holy instinct, and the Christian logic Catholics display in ever recurring to the early ages of the Church when challenged to show warrants for their doctrines, rubrics, and customs. Hence the odium the pseudo-reformers tried (and in part succeeded), to cast on the early fathers and martyrs; for they felt, though in their writings they pretended otherwise, the novelty of their theological "institutes." The ordination of sublunary matters is such, physical, moral, and mental, that the more of the prototypical influences and forms we reject and the longer the duration of this rejection, the further we recede from the original constrictions and conformations. Every new element introduced acts as a dissolvent; and every old element expelled becomes a precipitant. In affairs, religious, political, and social, time is the common base with which theory or innovation combines to transform, dissolve, or modify. It is not at all impossible to restore a moral or religious status. But such restoration can be achieved only by retracing our steps, throwing aside innovations, and reassuming things abandoned. We do not live in circles, as some would have it, and we never can reach our starting-point unless by reversed movement and a return to the highway whence we strayed.

It is evident that Ritualism is not a return or reaction towards Catholic principles, for it retains in all its pristine fury the anti-papal virus and hatred. It originated not in the re-introduction of the private Christian virtues, humility, self-denial, or a spirit of obedience, nor does it seem that religious fervor had anything to do with its creation. But unmistakably the love of ceremony has seized all hues of English-speaking Protestantism, which was for centuries the highest phase of that psychological development begun in the age of Luther, his contemporaries and successors. There are some causes, open

or secret, for this mutation. Clearly it is not the presence of the Catholic Church that has produced it, for whether obscured or glorious, Catholicity was present, during the ages subsequent to Henry VIII, to the so-named Anglo-Saxon mind, in the same garb that clothes it still. It is yet to the great masses of Protestantism the same huge, uncouth, idolatrous bugbear, a thing to be abhorred and destroyed, a religious tyrant machinating the destruction of John Bull's liberty and that of his cousins and dependants. It is an instinct of the human mind that what it despises and hates, it can never imitate or be assimilated with. The spirit of opposition awakened must ever prove a preventive and obstacle, not to be overcome as long as the ill-feeling continues. Hence Ritualism is derived in its animus, neither directly nor indirectly, from Catholicity. Many of the usages, doubtless, which it holds forth to tempt and seduce adherents, are so derived, and thus Ritualism is a veritable and literal "wolf in sheep's clothing." The "tractarian movement" is supposed to have called it into existence. It can hardly be denied that this movement gave it breadth and volume. But the movement itself was rather one of the many throes attendant on its birth than its progenitor. The cause is laid farther back.

In the closing decades of the last century the study of physical science received a new impetus; and the received Christian morality of ages was for a period upturned by the revolutionists of France. These two causes combined to form those generations of Free-thinkers who destroyed the last vestiges of Catholic traditions, that were, up to that time, interwoven with the various grades of Protestantism, and which, except with a certain class in Germany and France, formed unconsciously as they, yet, in their revived state, to some extent form the only positive religious tenets

held by those who believed, or believe in such a manifest absurdity as individual Christianity. The mind once deprived of the true value of religion naturally sought some object on which to bestow its affections, and formed just at the moment the real and pretended wonders and promises of physics. Franklin caught up the falling and destructive thunderbolt, and chained it in his silken bands; Priestley stormed the invisible citadel of the salubrious atmosphere, and robbed it of its secrets; Fulton imprisoned the idle vapor, and subdued it into the most faithful and powerful handmaid of man; and many more unusual wonders and real inventions were effected or supposed. Thus nature was made to supplant nature's God, and earth became the coveted paradise of the materialist and scientist—names once distinct and wide apart as heaven and hell, but in our modern world identical—and thus the eye that looked to eternity was turned downward, and steadfastly bent on fleeting time and its dissolving vistas. This was the second act in the awful tragedy of the Christian rebellion against their loving God. The curtain has not yet fallen before the actors in this second part, and we may witness some further revelations that will point more clearly to the finale. The conversion of the nations and their perversion seem to be accomplished by similar gradations. Never at once and totally has Christianity been able to extirpate all the pagan and immoral habits of any land. First the people gain a knowledge of the faith, and eventually of all the requirements of that faith. In perversion the mode is reversed, but the same degrees are observable. First, they lose the true meaning of the faith, and gradually its practices. The theory may seem fanciful or arbitrary, but the facts are so historically and in full accordance with reason, when the factor of humanity is taken into

the computation. The "Reformation," therefore, rendered possible not only the indifferentism of the present hour, but made a return to paganism a matter merely of years, during which those and their generation, who emancipated themselves from the wholesome restraints and refused the doctrines of the Catholic Church, would forget imperceptibly the real significance of what they retained.

Those gentlemen, styled "philosophers of nature," or more properly "experimenters of matter," give themselves out as the emancipators of the human mind, and the destroyers of what they denominate "superstition," whereas they are the offspring of such emancipation, and the brood that has arisen from the burned, superstitious, phoenix's ashes. They are the ever-present parasites of infidel wealth, and the caterers whom luxury invokes to soothe the pangs of wounded conscience, and pluck out the sting of implanted rectitude. Tyndal said well: "The merchant had been abroad and rendered the philosopher possible;" but instead of "rendered possible" greater accuracy would have substituted "created." The philosopher, both in the antique pagan sense and the modern English one, is unquestionably the fructification of a union—an unholy espousal—between error or absence of religion and inordinate wealth. The misshapen product has the worst characteristics of both—unscrupulous, unhallowed, and greedy—insatiate of fame; impatient of contradiction; and intolerant of the slightest opposition. Possession of the popular ear and command of the popular purse constitute the goal of all their ambition. Towards it they struggle incessantly and by all means; "sometimes he scours the right-hand coast, sometimes the left;" and yet there are people of that uncandid dulness who cannot behold the "New Right," and who still feel the pangs of life, and shudder at the

terrors of death. It seldom occurs, perhaps, to the masses to reflect that impiety, in word and act, requires less real moral courage than the smallest effort of self-abnegation. The bold, audacious, and unqualified blasphemer is the admiration of the village group, whilst the peaceful, honest, and thrifty man is unknown; in like manner the doubting, profane, and scurrilous speculator or theorist, perched on a more exalted tripod, utters his oracles to willing and uncritical ears.

But physical science has made advances not a few. The fact is undeniable; yet, in allowing the fact, it may be noted that the progress is in little due to the specific professors, and almost entirely to the perfection of the investigating instruments—the microscope, the telescope, the spectroscope, exact chronometers, and quadrants, highly graduated scales, and the whole categories of special implements—that have conducted as much to the destruction of innumerable theories as to the establishment of reliable and extensive data. That the mediæval men, so generally calumniated, had they but possessed the artificial aids of our more perfect mechanism, would have made vaster researches and profounder studies in the natural secrets, laws, and principles of vitality and organism, no one can doubt who is in any wise familiar with their modes of thought and their systems of analysis. That period, including the *ninth and thirteenth centuries*, may truly be named the "Age of Reason" as well as the "Age of Faith." Those powerful minds, from which the high walls of heaven hardly concealed the "vision beatific," or the "hell gate" shut in the flames of the infernal abyss, never dreamed that by any possible complications there could ensue discord and disorder between reason and religion, faith and science, or that the hand of man could sever the link that bound the twain in one, or

that human tongue would ever pronounce the fatal divorce—fatal as every decree of divorce is always to the “weaker vessel” science, so termed—that have begotten so much enmity and internecine contention.

It has been frequently alleged, and as frequently proved, that in the nature of things there can be no opposition of faith to science, or of science to faith. They form parts of the same correlated truth, and mutually vindicate the one the other. In direct opposition, however, to this axiomatic verity are the several pronouncements of the most enthusiastic champions of science, thereby showing that there is an “*odium physicum*” no less biting and contentious than the “*odium theologicum*.” Judging from their published utterances, one would be led to suppose that they direct the microscope and wield the scalpel, not so much to trace out the hidden channels and mysterious powers of Nature, as to discover and open fissures through which the Deity might evaporate unseen. The visible things of the creation form their highest heaven; and some slight knowledge of their elements alone is inscribed in the new “*Evangel*.” This is the “*summum bonum*,” the “*maximum sat*” of all their industry. Beyond and around, all is dark and dismal; the past unknown, the future uncertain. Some unreflective people might think that such a limitation of existence, and contraction of view, calculated to produce repulsion to the theory. The truth of the matter is different. He who has little to love or hope for, loves and desires that little all the more intensely. The drowning man catches at straws. Remove the possibility of heaven from the mind of man, and he swallows the solaces of life with more avidity. The physicists know this, and try to gain entire possession of the realm of thought. They offer man as “pleasure the delights of a day,” and complete extinction at death as his “supreme cure.”

“Sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion?”

The success which has hitherto attended their efforts has been fully commensurate with their zeal. Those who denied the establishment of a teaching, infallible church, have all fallen into the ranks of Nature’s worshippers, and roll on the huge chorus of Hosannahs to the “eternal conservation of Force”—a divinity blind and insensate—in the immense temple of the universe. The high-priest of the Atonies—Tyndal—has pronounced his “dictum:” materialism for the Intellect, religion for the Emotions. This dogma, sealed with the signet of the British Association, proclaims the fashionable religion of the hour. Ritualism—the worship of art, wealth, and luxury—is the first born of materialistic devoteism among the weaker brethren. The artificial simplicity of the Methodist, the severe antipathy of the Presbyterian, and the pictorial abhorrence of the Low Churchman, have given way before the rushing torrent. Those papistical abominations that once were—music, painting, and gorgeous ceremonial—have become, strange alteration, the idols of the conventicle and the meeting-house. The modern Rachels have filched the household gods. The hand is the hand of Pusey, but the voice is the voice of Knox.

The love of physical pursuit and investigation is not at all incompatible with the most elevated tone of the Christian mind. It is in fact, to such a one, a beautiful diagram, in which he discovers the marks and handiwork of living Infinitude, Power, and Omniscience. The first object that meets his glance, a grain of sand, a blade of grass, a twinkling star, leads him off through its interminable connections into the vast immensity surrounding us. The dependence and gradual super-dependence, the minute harmony

and mathematical exactitude, the invisible but necessary relations, the secret and inexhaustible powers of the material world, so inexplicable, and yet so constant and palpable, are subjects for unceasing admiration and philosophic gratitude. On this small planet man may lay, as the greatest man laid, himself unreservedly for the sacrifice. Neither will the fire be wanting, for "our God is a consuming fire." Infidels say that it is impossible to conceive how those myriads of stars and stellar systems could all be created for such an insignificant worm as man. In the first place Catholicity teaches nothing of the kind. "Why," says the catechism, "did God make the world?" "For his own honor and glory, to show his power and goodness, and for man's use and benefit." Not for man, therefore, but for the same reasons that man gets his existence, were those "many rows of starry lamps," and "blazing cressets," set in the nocturnal heavens.

It is only in connection with the revealed properties, attributes, and supremacy of the Eternal Creator, that nature's laws are wise or even laws at all. The unbelieving physicist may discover forces, symmetries, and connections, but having previously removed the legislator, he, as a necessity, robs them of their inbred and controlling wisdom, and to him this wondrous and harmonious arrangement is the resultant of mere accident, or of "the mechanical shock," whatever that may be. "Science corroborates religion," and the evidence of this corroboration was never more manifest than in our own immediate day. But such science is always real science, and unquestionable, and such religion always genuine and not fabricated. The knowledge of a general and well-known element of physics, electricity, has removed one of the stock arguments of heresy against the grand central dogma of the Catholic Church. "How," it was asked, "is it possi-

ble that the same thing could be in so many places at once?" The answer was metaphysical in the past, but now every telegraph operator can furnish proof of the phenomenon. Not only can spiritual existences be so present, but even bodies of subtle material composition can be in millions of places at once without suffering diminution, change, or modification. No mind can sensibly note a succession of moments; nor can the keenest chronometer indicate any discrepancy in time. The application instrumentally of the "electric current," was therefore a triumph for Catholic truth. It showed that the objection of the senses was a pure chimera, and an unscientific delusion. Likewise the so-called "contradiction" of three and one, regarding the mystery of the Holy Trinity, is set aside by the science of optics. Pass a ray of light through a half dozen colored lenses, and you have the same thing at the same time, six different things, each distinct from the others, yet equal one to the other, and any one of which is equal to all. Of course neither of those illustrations explains the mystery involved, any more than did the inserted fingers of the doubting apostle; and are valid as arguments only in combating the silly difficulties raised by the "SENSE-TEST." The thousand and one other "reasons" that Protestantism either revived or invented, such as the infused poison difficulty, and that whole category of valid objections, are thrown down by a right understanding of natural laws as they were set up by their misinterpretation. They are in consequence urged no longer as of yore, and their retainers are left to "curse their frail original and faded bliss, faded too soon." It is human religion that science destroys; and this it does whether the theory includes within its limitations some faint notions of the Deity and Revelation, or bowing down before nature, worships no

other God. Truth overthrows error whenever and wherever they are brought into contact and "dark encounter," and though the dissolution does not result with the suddenness of an electric flash, it is none the less certain for being slow.

The theories of naturalism that are popular and all-engrossing now, are not destined to continue. Take the astronomical and geological expositions of the earth's durability and origin. The cooling process and accretion of the one neutralizes the equatorial expansion and development of the other. Which is true? Or is there, perhaps, another? Those supposititious cycles and epicyles, those periods and ages are the myths of modern paganism. When man leaves the laws and forces affecting him, immediately his science has always in it more imagination than experiment. The accumulation of facts and their co-ordination compose the legitimate realm and bound, the real kingdom of the experimenter—geologist, astronomer, or physicist; beyond this he is on forbidden and hostile ground, and must expect the fate of all intruders. How we are and exist, and not why or wherefore, is the proposition set before him, and to this strictly he must address himself.

Facts will live, though theory and theorist meet the reward of fantasy and falsehood, contempt or undisturbed oblivion. Many a pet of his generation slumbers without recognition among the common herd that vociferated his praises,

"Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end."

To the whole tribe of materialistic experimenters nothing is so intolerable as religion from convictions. Those religionists who hold that one set of supernatural opinions or fancies (in their estimation) is as good as any other, are the successful candidates for scientific plaudits. It is strange that men so professedly zealous in the cause of truth should act

so inconsistently. For there is some truth in religion, or there is not. If there be any truth, it is only possible to the consistent, and not to those who support contradictions; and if there be not any truth, all should alike receive scientific reprobation. But logic in conclusions, deductions or convictions, is not now at all a physico-scientific peculiarity. Its absence is rather more frequently discoverable. Professors of materialism discharge their vials of acrid wrath on what they term "shrine-cure," and "miracle-proof," and with strange inconsistency show that the principles sustaining the one and the other are the very secrets of "medicine-cure" and "sense-proof." What is the principle of "shrine-cure," or a state of convalescence procured by impetration and long-continued prayer? That there is a power invisible, good, watchful, and compassionating. What is the principle in administering quinine in cases of chills and fever? That there is some unknown and invisible property or virtue. Experience confirms the one as well as the other; in the present day as well as in the past; the *proud Probatina* and the *Grotto of Lourdes*, as well as the fever-lands of India and the chill-swamps of Maryland. When it becomes a matter of recrimination, there is perhaps no profession that furnishes so many examples of technical empiricism to the scoffer as medicine and its practitioners. In like manner the "*miracle-proof*" and the "*sense-proof*," though the one is reprobated and the other adored by the materialist, depend on the same mental process to sustain them. In physical investigations the theory is hypothesized, and corroboration afterwards sought by experiment and observation. This is to prove one thing by another apparently, though not really different, or rather to show the presence of an agency, cause, or power by one or more of its effects. The condemned "*miracle-proof*"

has all its force from a similar procedure in evidence. A man is sent to preach the gospel and to demonstrate the authenticity of his commission; he raises the dead to life or restores sight to the blind-born man. In other words the miracles wrought are proof positive of the presence of divine power. How otherwise is the undulatory theory of light, or the rotundity of the earth proved? There is nothing created that can prove itself. An angel might say it is an angel, but the so saying is not proof thereof. There is required other attestation proportioned to the assertion, whether vocally or mutely made. God only has the prerogative of saying, "*Ego sum qui sum*," and convincing the mind by the mere expression, for being author and creator of both mind and body, the intellect can without other demonstration apprehend the voice of its maker. When physicists reprehend the "miracle-proof," as they term it, how little do they seem aware that the reprehension is not only sophistic, but decidedly unphilosophic and subversive of all possible human truths. Such a weapon would, were it possible to arm with it the whole human race, prove a double-edged sword, destructive not to religion only, but as well to all grades of science. But despite all theory and sophistry, man cannot be robbed of the gifts of his creation or the endowments of his nature. He may be misled and betrayed by specious reasoning, but eventually he shows himself not more materialist than idealist.

The danger in ritualism and its cognate tendencies arises from the fact, that, whilst it brings the mind more and more to love the beautiful in art and nature, it has no higher truth. There is in it nothing of that "obedience unto death," "patience under chastisement," resignation to the divine will, and those innumerable other Christian virtues, that instruct while they chasten. The

mental transition from admiration and love to adoration and worship is a "narrow faith" where no check is interposed. Things may be very much assimilated, and still subserve very distinct and even hostile ends. The rich rose-tint on the apple's cheek may either indicate the presence of the canker-worm or mellowed sweetness.

It has always been a mystery, and something unaccountable to the writer, how men of some shrewdness and worldly wisdom, such as the early leaders of the Protestant revolt appear to have been, could have yielded to the furious, iconoclastic spirit so far as to throw madly away from them a means of instruction second, if even second in that illiterate age, only to the pulpit or the press. Pictorial instruction has many advantages over both oral and written at any time. There is in it a nearer approach to the real and substantial. It is but reasonable and just to suppose, that the fervor of the first fanaticism demanded such wanton and barbaric demolition. Fanaticism is nothing unless it is magnificent; the niches dismantled, the frescoes defaced, the organs silent. This cruel and savage spectacle fascinated and could fascinate none save the most unsympathetic and callous men under a perverse religious influence. Were they capable of comparison or "cerebration," beyond their own stern preconceptions, they could not but see in all parts of God's visible creation not only a beautiful and inimitable harmony and disposition, but a system of ornamentation infinitely beyond man's powers to copy. Neither could they fail to perceive that it was man's privilege to add to this natural decoration. If man's art was allowable in nature, *a fortiori* it was so when it was merely a question of blending art with art in ornamenting a temple or shrine.

But as pure subjectivity in religion proved its incompatibility and fal-

sity, by ignoring the sensitive organization of humanity, so in like manner ritualism commits the same fatal mistake by forgetting the spiritual and intellectual nature of man. A love of the beautiful does not always indicate a love of the true, though they are frequently found in close conjunction, and have many reciprocal affinities. As in the other concerns of existence, when one object totally absorbs the affections and allures the intellect, all the rest are abandoned and *forgotten*, so is it even with ritualism. This penchant for responsive services, sacred paintings, ecclesiastical decorations and ceremonies, that is yearly spreading with such rapidity, connected as it is with evidently decreasing faith in supernaturalism, is not the harbinger of a return to the true fold, but a clear indication of a further removal. It is true, many have found it the first step in their progress towards Catholicity, but what has not been so found? Besides, it produced re-

ligious excitation, and all such excitations have yielded small crops of earnest minds.

In its contest with materialism the Protestant theory of Christianity was shattered to pieces, and the victor, with scornful magnanimity, threw the cloak of ritualism over the débris to hide the dreadful havoc. There is in the world a deep and silent consciousness that the pseudo-reformation was a mistake or a mere German frenzy, but the chasm to be recrossed is too dreadful to many a man, and to other some the heat of imbibed prejudice too fervid and consuming to be extinguished on a sudden. To earnest minds the hollowness of the ritual compromise is too apparent. Viewed in relation to the current theories, and the applause with which undisguised hostility to Revelation is pronounced, the conclusion forces itself on the mind that ritualism is the earliest indication of the palin-genesia of paganism.

“HE sins against this life who slights the next.”
 What is this life? How few their favorite know!
 Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
 By passionately loving life we make
 Loved life unlovely, hugging her to death.
 We give to Time Eternity’s regard;
 And, dreaming, take our passage for our port.
 Life has no value as an end, but means;
 And end deplorable, a means Divine!
 When ’tis our all, ’tis nothing; worse than nought;
 A nest of pains: when held as nothing, much.
 Like some fair humorists, life is most enjoyed
 When courted least; most worth, when disesteemed;
 Then ’tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace;
 In prospect richer far; important, awful!
 Not to be mentioned but with shouts of praise!
 Not to be thought on but with tides of joy!
 The mighty basis of eternal bliss!

THE CRYSTAL CUP.

A LEGEND.

THE wind was wailing drearily,
 Like souls in endless pain,
 Forever longing wearily,
 But evermore in vain.
 The hermit heard the woful sound,
 And, prostrate in his cell,
 With tears bedewed the stony ground—
 For sinful men they fell.

“My God!” he cried, “this fearful night
 Doth shadow forth their lot
 Who loved thee once and walked in light,
 Who turned, and loved thee not—
 Now shrieks the storm in keen despair!
 Now moans the tossing sea!
 Oh! hear thy lowly servant’s prayer,
 Convert all hearts to thee.”

And lo! as earnestly he prayed,
 A hurried step drew near;
 A face whereon the lightning played,
 Looked in, convulsed by fear;
 A voice implored, “From dire remorse,
 Oh, Father, give relief!
 The night is wild—yon bleeding corse
 Pursues my soul with grief.”

“Kneel down, kneel down, repentant son,
 Reveal thy mournful tale,
 Seek help from her, the pitying one,
 Whose prayers on high prevail.”
 “A twelvemonth since, my brother brave,
 For land and wealth, I slew;
 With pomp I laid him in his grave,
 And none my trespass knew.

“But even when the wind is loud,
 When rock the forest trees,
 That hapless brother in his shroud
 My tortured fancy sees:
 And ever when the owlet cries,
 While dim the embers glow,
 I meet his sad, reproachful eyes,
 I hear his death-sigh low.

"Then horror haunts my maddening brain;
And fear, to frenzy driven,
Makes hope of mercy seem in vain.
Say, can I be forgiven?"
"Take comfort, trust and truly mourn;
How great, soe'er thy guilt,
For thee thy Saviour's Cross was borne,
For thee his Blood was spilt.

"Remember how his bitter death
Atoned for every sin!
In suppliant sorrow spend thy breath,
'Tis *love* shall pardon win.
Bear hence, lest faith should waver dim,
This Crystal Cup I give;
*When water fills it to the brim,
Thy soul in grace shall live.*"

Then from his knee Sir Ulric rose
And to his castle hied;
It stood where gentle Avon flows
With winding, limpid tide,
Full many a week in fervent prayer
In rigid fast went by,
Till May beheld the river fair
Gloss back the shining sky.

Then slowly, pale and penance worn,
Came forth that sinner sad;
Alone he stood, one happy morn,
'Mid vernal beauty glad;
The lovely landscape smiled serene,
In light and balm of spring,
But Nature's blithesome bloom, I ween,
To him no joy could bring.

He hastened down the daisied slope,
One heavenward glance he gave;
The crystal pledge of patient hope
He dipt beneath the wave.
Alas! the water flowed not in!
The chalice clear he raised—
Cold, cold, the deathlike sense of sin
Sank deeper as he gazed!

But floating on the river there
He saw a hawthorn spray:
"Oh hear!" he sighed, "a sinner's prayer,
Thou clement Queen of May!
On fear's chill current, fatal, swift,
My soul is downward borne.
Mother of Mercy, help! I drift
To blank despair forlorn!"

Our Lady sent an omen sweet,
With trust and courage fraught;
The rippling water to his feet
That spray of hawthorn brought.
He snatched it from the rapid wave,
"Oh, clement Queen," sang he,
"As I this broken blossom save,
So thou wilt succor me!"

Responsive tones that rose apart
Rang through the light-leaved bowers,
"'Mid thorns of penance lose not heart
Until forgiveness flowers."
Sir Ulric left the river side,
He left his castle-home,
With staff and scallop, far and wide
O'er pilgrim paths to roam.

He knelt at many a holy shrine,
He reached the Southern strand,
Thence sailed he o'er the dark blue brine
Unto the Holy Land.
In Jordan's streams, in Jacob's well,
In Cedron's brook of pain,
While soft the solemn moonlight fell,
He plunged the cup—in vain.

The fickle sea he crost once more,
For alms held out his hand,
Self-humbled, passed from door to door
Through all the summer land.
Again he saw his native vale,
Again by Avon's side,
He dipped the fateful chalice frail,
Still vainly, in the tide.

Then, as he climbed the wooded steep,
Above him sternly rose,
The stately towers, the frowning keep,
That erst defied his foes.
Before the vaulted portal vast
He stood—the horn he blew,
A vassal throng obeyed the blast,
But none the palmer knew.

For changed become, by deepest woe,
Transformed by highest love,
By hard-won virtues, here below
Despised, though crowned above,
And unto that once haughty brow,
So humbly earthward bent,
The grandeur of self-conquest now
A regal calmness lent.

The face that Nature made so fair,
That evil's torch had marred,
That lowered erst in fell despair,
In dark defiance hard,
Transfigured now, with hallowed light,
Of mournful fervor glowed,
And through its wan transparence bright,
Sublime soul-beauty showed.

He raised his head, that drooped in thought,
Perchance in earnest prayer;
In deadly strife his spirit wrought—
Pride yet was wrestling there.
With tightened lips, with forehead flushed,
He looked around, on high,
Then sudden battle-ardor rushed
To kindling cheek and eye.

They knew the look that led them on,
Erewhile, to deeds of fame,
Though nobler, purer far it shone
Than earthly valor's flame.
“Now, welcome home! Noël! Noël!
Our own Sir Ulric dear!
We mourned thee dead, we love thee well,
Rest, pilgrim, warrior, here!”

“Oh! hail ye not this sad return,
Nor greet me thus to-day!
My shame will deep within you burn,
'Twill chase your joy away.
Three years ago, in evil hour,
My brother brave I slew,
For land, for wealth, for added power;
My crime no mortal knew.”

“Rest *here*? Oh; never, nevermore!
In some far distance lone
I fain would dwell till life be o'er,
And there my guilt bemoan:
Twice cruel hand that smote thy side,
Oh, Rupert! since, through thee,
I pierced the Heart of him who died,
My God! for love of me!”

He veils his brow, no word he speaks;
His bending frame with woe
Is shaken, down his wasted cheeks
The tears in torrents flow,—
One falls upon the crystal cup,
Drops inward from the rim,
Expands, increases, gushes up,
And fills it to the brim.

"UNTO THESE LEAST."

"NAV," said the old man, in that gentle tone, which, throughout the interview, had been such a contrast to the bitter and defiant one of his listener; "rather say, 'if she is going to be respectable, I will climb any height to keep near her. Let me still live in her mind, and I promise to become the reality of what her imagination loves in me now, goodness, and manly honor.'"

"Almost thou persuadest me," dropped involuntarily from the young lips, and a soft rush of color stole over the lightly bearded face—"but no, I have gone too far down!"

"Never, sir!" and the voice, so gentle throughout, rose to a mighty tone, such as some eloquent preacher might use, to call vast crowds to God; "in all the depths of a stupendous universe, there is but one, from which there is 'no redemption,' *hell!* Do not reach that, sir—recede while there is time; go on, and it will surely be your goal!"

The silence of conviction chained the young man's lips, his heart, his soul. To him, who had called this silence into life, it was a sacred thing, and he did not disturb it, for he knew its power. He sat awaiting its result, with an expression akin to awe written on his face; a light such as might have been reflected from an inner glimpse of heaven, dwelling in his eyes. After some time, said the young man, humbly,

"Sir, I thank you. I will fall no more! To climb shall be my aim, when I am a free man once again!"

Mr. Vinton extended his hand. "No, sir," said the prisoner, "it is not fit to give you—yet," and he drew back his.

"My friend," was the earnest answer, "no man is in my eyes deserving of more genuine respect, than he, who having erred, is ready to repair the error. Give me your

hand and take mine, as an earnest of my determination to aid you in your upward struggles."

So the withered hand, and the strong and young and shapely one, were clasped in a clasp wherein a friendship first found being, which never changed or died on earth, and of the kind which even lives beyond the grave.

"Now, sir," said the prisoner, "it is but proper you should know the name and history of him whom you befriend. In the den I have just left I was known as 'Jake,' a simple but effective covering for a good family name, never before blemished, even by the suspicion of unworthiness on the part of him who wore it. But it was the name through successive generations of poor, not wealthy men. Of the fatality which made of me what you see me now, I will simply state facts too glaring to need any superfluous comments. My name is George Ashe. My father died when I was young, leaving to me the care of a widowed mother and a young sister. I was determined to fulfil my trust to the letter, and commenced life with as honest a purpose of integrity and untiring industry as ever dwelt in the heart of man. I obtained a second-class situation in the counting-house, where my father had been head book-keeper for many years. My salary was moderate, but sufficient for us to live on in the unpretending style to which we had always been accustomed during his lifetime, and hope pointed to promotion, and even more than promotion in the future. On account of my father's former position in the house, I was very much trusted, and held in high favor by my employers; this was the ultimate cause of my ruin, for the web woven to destroy my good name was the result of envy on the part

of my fellow-employés. The case, briefly stated, was this: I had charge of the most important correspondence of the house, and often was intrusted with drafts and money orders to a large amount. In this way it happened, that a check for \$1000 lay upon my desk one day, to be drawn at the bank for necessary inclosures. With a carelessness which was my only culpable part in the whole affair, I left the office for a few moments, as I thought, but was detained longer than I expected. When I came back it was gone! I, of course, immediately sent a message to the bank to stop payment, which should have been sufficient to prove my honesty, and at the same time told my employers of the loss. But I had forfeited my status; from that time I was treated as a person with whom it was considered 'well to be careful.' The check was never found, and I worked on, conscious of the fact that, unless the real thief was detected, I was under suspicion. So, when on another occasion, I went to the post-office, and brought up the day's mail, and in a registered letter which avowed an inclosure of \$100, no money was found, I was openly accused of having abstracted it. Mark me, sir, such is the injustice of human judgment; I had served this firm faithfully; had not transgressed against honesty before God or man, and yet that breath of suspicion fastened this crime upon me! I avowed my innocence, requested a search of my effects, both at home and at the office, to be made, and imagine, if you can, my utter horror, my woful consternation! The money was found in my desk, the numbers of the notes identified by the sender, and I consigned to prison, there to find the blight to a life that might have been something noble."

"Oh! what a woful mistake, my friend!" spoke gently now the venerable listener, whose listening had been of the earnest and pitying

kind, that attracts confidence more than any words; "no blight should have been the result of this injustice, but a noble rising above its withering power, to prove by the future that the past was a lie!"

"So I might have thought, sir, if my employers had been of your way of thinking—if any one had. But the whole world of friends and acquaintances turned against me; my mother believed in my guilt, my pure and sweet little sister was taught that I was not fit to be her brother. In my bitter anguish the thought rose up in my mind, that to be virtuous or to be honorable, was a farce in this life; that the reputation which a breath could destroy, was not a thing to take any trouble about; and that he who trusted in principle to bring him through life was a fool, since I who had never offended against it, was now a convict, with a forever disgraced name; and some enemy of mine, who had committed a foul and ingeniously planned crime, was enjoying honor and position. And on this I acted. When I left the prison, I found that my mother was dead, had died of grief, still believing in my guilt. I idolized my mother, sir, once, and this was horrible! The principal of the firm in whose employ I had been, was one of your stern religious fanatics, who have no course for error but unrelenting severity, and no belief in human nature at all. Out of regard for my father's services he had provided for my mother till her death, and on the day of my release, he wrote me a letter informing me that she was no more, and he had placed my sister 'where she would be brought up virtuously,' but deemed it 'necessary to that end, that she should be forever severed from me.' So I turned my back upon virtue, which despised me, and the world which received me, and I became the associate of thieves, whose acquaintance I had formed in prison, and who offered me a competence in their

den. There I met Guiseppe Avilo, brought to this depth by that which can drag a man to any depth, drink. For the miserable living he made, he gambled, and I fulfilled the world's assertion of me by becoming a thief, on the principle I have named!"

"There, sir, commenced your wrong!" cried the old man in the stirring tone used once before. "Not what you are in the sight of men, but what you are in the sight of God, that you really are, no more, no less! Following this noble truth, you might have died in a prison-cell; 'felon' might have been written on your despised tomb; and to the mind of him who knows all things, whose judgment is without flaw, and whose estimate, a God's sentence on your life; you might have been a martyr, sir, of the highest type."

The prisoner's eyes looked upwards, the crime-stained hands folded themselves as a little child's are folded in prayer. "Oh, great God!" he said, solemnly, "let these noble words be the guide of my broken life in the time to come!"

Then there was silence, and in that silence died the prisoner's past, and was born his strange, thrice-blessed future, a martyr's life and a martyr's grave.

IV.

It was late when the portly figure again trod its way through the paradisiacal street, and fairies of all sizes and all styles of beauty, and arrayed in all imaginable costumes of cut and make, most faultless, thronged its pavements, to whom he gave passing pats on bright heads, and passing pulls of silken curls, and passing whispers of love from a great heart full of that gift in rare perfection, from whom he received charming smiles and spontaneous looks of trust, all unsullied, and irrepressible sounds of greeting, that meant joy at his presence. Inside were the

queens regnant, busy making ready for the coming of their lord, and brimful of exciting news about his evil doing, and ready to demand kingly aid against the enemy's machinations. He pursued his way to his own cottage, unconscious and thrilled to the heart with beautiful emotions, the golden reward of an all-bountiful rewarder, for a day spent in his work.

He found the child up in Eva's pretty room, Eva keeping her company. She had been a pathetic sight in the morning, with her dirt and her rags, and her strange implements of learning. But I think his honest heart ached more keenly than at this, at the one made out of her by cleanliness and graceful dress, and presence of proper accompaniments to the pursuit of knowledge. For the dirt had hidden how wan the face, and the rags how emaciated the form; but now the carefully cleansed skin looked transparent, the peerless eyes shining out like those of some spirit, and the dress prettily fashioned hung without grace of outline, or beauty of fold, on the worn frame. The child lying upon a lounge, surrounded by picture-books, pencils, and paper, looked like a hopeless invalid. The evident care bestowed on her since morning had only produced the sad effect of bringing out more vividly the inroads of neglect and starvation. He stood a moment, regarding her with unfathomable grief in his look, then went over to the lounge, knelt down before it, and gathered her hungrily to his broad breast, saying, in a voice that smote the air with its sharpness of bitter anguish—

"O, cruel state to which I condemned you, *my own child!* God forgive me—God above, forgive me!"

The wondering little waif stared in amazement, no words could paint.

"Crue!" she cried; "*you* crue! Lord, yer don't know what crue is!"

I think the untutored language, and the rude voice, must have been like a two-edged sword in his heart, inflicting a deeper wound than anything else could have done at that moment.

"God knows," he answered, looking with pity he never could have expressed on the wreck of childhood's heritage of charms and joy, "*how* well I knew 'what cruel was,' and you, poor little one, are the living work of my cruelty."

"Uncle!" cried Eva, tears in her voice.

"Yes, Blossom, come here. This little suffering, beaten, starved waif is my own flesh and blood;" he here took her from her resting-place, holding her up close to his heart instead, "you think I am kind and good, but it is I who have starved her, and beaten her, and made her suffer!"

"Uncle!" repeated the young girl, with surprised and denying emphasis.

"Yes," he went on sadly, "I had only one child, a darling daughter, the child of her I loved better than my life, and since whose early death life has been but a waiting to find her again. And this child did not marry as I wished, so I cast her off. God knows I repented soon enough, but she was gone, and too proud to let me know of her whereabouts. I sought her out in vain. I was—am—rich beyond your most extravagant dream of wealth, but I put aside the dread gift, and all its outward appurtenances, making every one, even my own family, believe that it was lost, and vowed never to use it till I found her, or some child of hers. My dear, I have haunted the places where the wretched live in hope of gaining some clue to her, and to-day, intent upon this aim, Divine Providence guided me to this child. A daisy-mark on her neck, to which faithful Peggy drew my attention, the same as one upon her mother's, filled me with hope and

fear. I went out to make inquiries, and this moment I hold in my possession papers establishing her identity beyond a doubt; but she is an orphan, and her mother, alike beyond the power of human love or human vindictiveness!"

"Poor uncle!" softly fell from the girl's lips, "what can I say to comfort you! I owe my happy life to you, and now, in your sorrow, I cannot say a word to do you good!"

"Not so," and he drew her close to the child nestling to his heart, "I find comfort in your very presence, my blossom. I took you to fill her vacant place, and to-day I only see in you the presence that truly fills it. What 'can you do to comfort me?' Go on and fill it for this wronged and worn-out creature, as you have filled it for me. Learn to be a woman, my sweet, in giving a tender woman's care, which no wealth can buy, to her who lived in squalor and crime, while gold laid hidden in a bank, to be set free at her touch; who came and begged to 'stay in the yard by day, and lie on the doorstep at night,' to learn to read, when the proudest seminary in the land might have been proud to own the privilege of educating her! My God, how insufficient are human judgments! How far they fall short of their own ends!"

"Uncle," said Eva, "I promise I will be all you wish to her, and striving to care for her poor little life, make my own better."

"Right, my sweet dearie!" bending down to the silent child, leaning heavily, so heavily and motionlessly against his heart; "do you understand, you are *my own child*, your mother called me father!"

She put a thin arm around his neck, but she only said, in a half-unconscious tone, "Zuma!"

"Dear!" cried the old man, in alarm, "what do you say? Are you dreaming?"

But she sat up wildly gesticulating, the gray eyes burning.

"The cat-a-cornered one!" she cried. "Gabe, go away! Oh, Jake, come back, please, please! Zib—biz—!"

It was fever, unmistakable; the day had been too much for the street Arab; the wonderful mind had deserted its tottering throne.

"Call Peggy," said Mr. Vinton, in a voice of despair; "I deserve this!"

There was a depth of woe in the tone that the young girl kept in her heart for many a sad day afterwards. She complied with his request.

"Peggy," said he, in a broken voice, "the daisy-mark told the true story." Peggy's hands sought the air.

"Ah thin glory be to God, sir; is it me darlin' Miss Norie's child she is?"

"Beyond a doubt, Peggy."

He was stopped by the wild action of the woman, who threw herself down before the fevered form, kissing the hands, the feet, the hem of the little dress, weeping all the time, the irrepressible weeping of joy. The little one muttered and moaned, and called on Jake!

"Saints above us, sir! what's on the crachure? Shure, it's the faver it is!"

"And it will end the wornout life, I fear, Peggy. *You* alone know how well I deserve this!"

"Sorra a wan o' me knows ye desearve annythin', sir, but the best uv God's blessins, and a plenty of thim same. An' shure we must save the crachure fur ye, meself, an' Miss Ava there. Lay her down, sir, an' bring the docthor, an' ten to wan, ye'll have her to the good still!"

V.

"WHAT do you think!" said Mrs. Rose to Mrs. Lily over the paradisaical garden hedge; "our fears are verified. There *is* fever," and she pointed her pink-tipped finger in the direction of the proscribed cottage.

It was such a pretty shudder pervaded Mrs. Lily's slender and graceful figure! But it cannot be reproduced on paper, which is a pity, for it made all the meaning of her answer, which was only—

"You don't say!"

"Yes, I do—I say it emphatically;" at each word the royal voice rose half a note higher, till, at the last, it actually lost itself in altitude, and being lost, went on an exploring expedition for breath. "I have it from the best authority! I questioned the doctor as he came down the street."

Mrs. Lily's white wrapper vibrated to the touch of another shudder, so pretty, so full of effect!

"Heavens, let us call Mrs. Tulip! There she is at the window!" For, of course, after hearing of the horrible yourself, the next thing to be done is communicate it to others.

Mrs. Tulip soon joined the group; Mrs. Poppy, Mrs. Larkspur, Mrs. Snowball, Mrs. Carnation, and a blooming flock of others, summoned by the telegraphic fact that "something was going on," speedily followed. A ruffled, fluttering, nodding crowd, stirred by the breeze of bad news, fair heads tortured, flower-hearts stung!

"I say," cried Mrs. Tulip, "Mr. Vinton ought to be told it can't be!"

"Undoubtedly," cried Mrs. Lily, "when our children caught the measles from each other, it was a different thing—"

"Yes, my dear," croaked Miss Garlic, from that upper window, whereof mention has been made before, "they were respectable measles at least! But fancy, what a disreputable thing for them all to get fever—did you hear if it was scarlet?—from a little street Arab!"

Unconscious Mrs. Rose! She really replied in perfect good faith.

"So much more malignant, you know, from the impurity of the blood! No, I don't know if it's scarlet!"

"No matter what it is!" cried Mrs. Lily; "Mr. Vinton must be requested to remove her to a hospital! I'll make Lily see to that when he comes home."

"Maybe Mr. Vinton would refuse," said Mrs. Carnation, timidly.

"Well," and Mrs. Tulip's full-blown head tossed itself defiantly, "there's something in the city, some board of something, or some society for something that can make him do it by law. We'll appeal to that!"

"Of course, my dear," said Miss Garlic, with inimitable sweetness; "it's the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

"Well," pouted Mrs. Lily, "the children aint animals, but its authority must be called in."

"And till she's removed, they musn't be let out, and nursery windows must be kept closed," decided Mrs. Rose.

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Tulip, "I don't know what I'm to do with my noisy crowd this livelong day! The only peace I have is when they're out."

"And I wanted to go shopping, but I never could, with this on my mind!" moaned Mrs. Lily.

"And I, to have my new silk fitted," wailed Mrs. Carnation, "but I can't now!"

"And just to think; that beggar must have had the fever in her veins as she walked over these very pavements yesterday, where our poor darlings were let out to play not long afterwards!" added Mrs. Larkspur, in a voice like a dirge.

Much more was said and agreed upon, many sanitary measures were proposed, and the talk had become of an absorbing nature, when Miss Garlic appeared in full view coming from the direction of Mr. Vinton's cottage.

"Sly, old thing! Went out the back way to collect materials for gossip! People with no children have nothing else to fill their selfish minds!" This was the unanimous de-

cision of the maternal intellects then and there assembled, expressed with an overpowering clatter of tongues; for, though unanimity of sentiment prevailed, every tongue formed its own way of expressing said sentiment, and chaos of sound ensued. But every eye fixed itself steadily on the advancing figure, and the multitudinous gaze was encountered with an expression of gusto not to be mistaken, by the dual-looking power of the green-gray orbs of Miss Garlic.

"I thought, ladies," she said with the quiet sneer beyond their brain-power to detect, "that it might be well to ask our neighbors if any assistance was needed, such as a Christian woman might offer to a stricken being of any kind. I bring you news that will reassure you."

"Is—she gone?" cried the chorus of blooming lips.

"Nay," said the sharp voice softening perceptibly, "she lies there like to die. But all your cherished darlings might stand close to that sick-bed, where love has set its watch, and no breath of contagion would touch their dainty frames. The fever is that of a brain too much tried, not of foul blood, or miasmatic influence."

"Thank goodness!" was the cry of relief from the pretty crowd.

"God, you mean!" sternly put in their informant.

"Oh! yes," Mrs. Lily simpered for the rest.

"And," shot like a bombshell from the spinster's lips, as she disappeared within her own gateway, "the sick child is Mr. Vinton's own granddaughter, and heiress to the fabulous estate of Matthew Mester, of Bank Street fame, for he and Mr. Vinton turn out to be one and the same person. If contagion did lurk in the air, it would have been quite as respectable as the measles to which you so kindly took last fall."

The door clapped to, Miss Garlic disappeared. Silence, crestfallen.

and uncontrollable, reigned supreme. Matthew Mester, the eccentric banker, who owned every inch of ground on that paradisiacal street! Matthew Mester, who held the whole of 'change in the hollow of his gold-lined hand! Matthew Mester, in whose absolute gift lay the position of every lord of every blooming queen there present! Matthew Mester, the eccentric, the generous, the wealthy beyond all calculation of ordinary mind, a puff of whose breath could blow away half the business houses in town! Matthew Mester, whom no one knew, whom no one had ever seen, and yet whose wonderful work in financial circles proved his actual existence to be no myth! And oh, how he used to pet *my* Lillakin! And what he might have done for *my* Rosanina! And such a favorite of his as was *my* Tulip-etta! And how often I noticed that *my* Carna-chen specially took his eye, and I wished he was made of gold for her sake; and here, alas! he is. How I could have won his everlasting good will, if I had done like Mrs. Mignonette, sly little thing! Your apparent ninnies are always sly. And that old Miss Garlic! What a fine slice she'll come in for. He need never know about our talk, only I know she'll tell. Of course she will! Matthew Mester! Well, it's worth trying any way.

Above I have feebly endeavored to reproduce some of the small rivulets of thought, that united to form a mighty and altogether unmanageable torrent, which spent itself on these defenceless feminine minds during the silence which now reigned supreme. Would you believe it? For weeks to come, offers of nurses, of sitters-up-at-night, of gifts of wine-jelly, of flowers, of fabulously costly fruits, of tapioca, of "domestic" wines, reduced the cottage of the disguised Mester to a state of siege. Ah! there was no need, no use for them!

An awful stillness reigned over the

smiling spot, where the little street-Arab lay hanging between life and death. The one boon asked of the dwellers on the paradisiacal street was silence, and many and many a day the dainty darlings were borne to distant parks over its tan-covered way, to find vent for the sounds of merriment which might not be allowed to penetrate through the sacred hush of the death-shadowed chamber. Closed were the white-curtained nursery windows, not from contagion's entrance, but that childhood's life might not aid the work of childhood's threatening death. So it came, by degrees, that a hush grew upon the place, settled, dwelt there. Prepared it for that which was to stalk through lines of their dainty darlings radiant with life and health. Foreshadowed the spectacle of a threshold sadly garnished by mists of white crape flinging its woful banners to the lovely air of a summer morning. Prophesied the gliding of a silent burden over that darkened threshold; a burden, flower-veiled and velvet-bound; a burden whereof peace was the accompaniment, and grief the keepsake left behind.

For unconsciously the soul of the little street-Arab found the way to all knowledge; discovered the region whereof invincible ignorance is the key to immortal wisdom; was wafted to the height, where the one earnest instinct to seek truth, the one heroic impulse which had braved murder to find it, counted the same as a life of saintliness; where "the least" found a throne, and the "haughty ones" a downfall. But three little words from the mind awakened from fever, to know death's mercy, ended the touching story of the little life, said with radiant smile, and happy look of peace in the rare, gray eyes:

"I know now!"

Then they closed. And in vain watched the hearts of the mourners for another look. The soul that had shone through them in all their

wretched experiences, the soul that had formed their exquisite beauty, was now too absorbed in the rapt vision of its new knowledge to look on them again.

VI.

In the city whereof the paradisaical street was a park stands a magnificent building, pillar and arch and fretted roof of which rise in the air like work of magician's hands, so beautiful are they. Over every graceful window smiles a cherub, and above every richly ornamented door stands the figure of a "strong, bright angel," with outstretched hands and wings. But above the ever open gateway sits the statue of a little earthly child. Cunningly has the artist fashioned it, so cunningly, that about it are clinging, palpable to the most cursory glance, not the usual outlines of sculptor's drapery, but—rags, fluttering rags! The head droops, the hair, most delicately sculptured, is disordered and unkempt, the features are warm, the eyes, ah! marble cannot depict eyes! On the little knees, their sharp outlines deftly shown through the sculptured rags, rests a limp scroll, and the worn and tiny hand writes on it with a lump of something. On the pedestal of this speaking statue is the legend: "*Unto These Least.*" And, my reader, but for the absence of the peerless look in the eyes, it is an exact reproduction of the picture placed at the beginning of the present story.

This building is an institution, where children, having no recommendation whatever, but the established fact of extreme destitution, are taken in and given "to eat," "to drink," "to wear," "to be sheltered," physically and mentally, where there is no distinction of person, except that the most wretched are treated as the most precious; where charity reigns supreme, and God's "little ones" are the treasures of the place.

Now, for this house, no subscription-list is ever sent round, no donations are ever accepted; it lives, and works, and saves, without any outside aid. It is maintained in such style as is usual to the homes of children, whose parents enjoy a modest competence; the most liberal means of education are given—this portion of the arrangement is princely—and, for the sick, or crippled, there is a separate building furnished sumptuously. But no one is ever called upon to assist, and yet no one knows from whence the revenue of the "*Least House*," as people have taken to calling it, is drawn. A gentleman does the financial business as "*agent*," he says, and his principal refuses to reveal his name. Many theories are afloat regarding the institution, which works miracles amongst the little waifs of the city; and many fables related of the statue over the gateway, but the true story of its origin, and the true meaning of the statue, I have unfolded to you in the preceding pages. Upon the ruined fabric of his hopes for his poor little grandchild, Mr. Vinton upreared this real one of life and happiness for children of her stamp; on the heart-wish for what some one, blessed with wealth, might have done for her, he planted his treatment of these outcasts; on the death, which he accepted as a punishment for unrelenting vengeance against error, he tenderly engrafted the lives of those his good work would save. So did he meet his sorrow; so did he atone for any wrong in the past; so did he lay up treasures for the future, which could not decay.

I know, that according to the way of all well-told stories of the present day, Jake should have been put in some extraordinary position of trust, got rich, and married some beautiful and transcendently endowed young lady, should have made his unknown enemy "*bite the dust*," and saved his cruel employer from the poor-house in the end of his days. Truth,

however, compels me to record, that the other day I read in one of our Catholic weeklies the following obituary notice of Jake :

"DIED. At St. Harold's Monastery — on —, George Ashe, in religion, Brother Leo, in the thirtieth year of his age. Deceased was distinguished amongst the members of his community for his great intellectual endowments, which even his humility could not hide ; his perfect and wonderful charity, especially towards the erring ; and his solicitude about the lowest class of children to be found in our streets. He worked amongst them ; he sought them out ; he instructed them ; he lived for them ; he died for them. Going into a fever-laden district, to see that none of these poor little waifs might die without the consolations of religion, and such earthly aid as he could beg for them, he took the sickness himself, and actually died at his post in their midst. His last words were characteristic of his life : " 'Unto These Least,' 'Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come to Thy kingdom!'" He was a martyr in the full sense of the word. *Requiescant in pace.*"

That was all. A beautiful all !

what words of earthly pen or tongue can paint thy completeness ?

Eva, the blossom of the old man's home, ought to have a love-affair, I know. Well, she has not had it yet, but she has learned to be a woman "of the highest type." Consequently, she is very choice about setting her heart upon that which belongs to earth alone. You understand ?

Miss Susanna is a "burning and shining light" in reform circles. She looks upon her brother as a lunatic, and Eva as a fool, and this life as a mockery. But the latter is, because she has set her heart on *it alone*.

Miss Garlic is happy in administering justice throughout the halls of the "Least House," and Mrs. Mignonette's husband is "agent" there. Many babies have crowed in her arms for the benefit of the inmates, till at last she has become, to them, their most cherished ideal of motherhood. The other bloomers on the paradisiacal street—alas ! their one regret is, "how they missed it." Surely, you do not expect any other repentance for people of their stamp.

Mr. Vinton ? He—well, he spends all his remaining days of life, in ministering "Unto These Least."

THE END.

FATHER TOM BURKE.

THE name of Father Burke will be as famous in Irish annals as that of his illustrious countryman, the great Edmund Burke. If the latter was the oracle of the Senate, the former is a prince of the pulpit. If Edmund Burke shook the political world with the thunders of his eloquence, the burning words and fiery accents of Father Burke move the moral world. If the soul-stirring eloquence of the Irish Demosthenes fired the breasts of slaves with a devoted love of freedom and political independence, the Irish Lacordaire kindles the flame of piety in hearts long dead to the inspirations of religion, and directs the aspirations of men to the next world. If Irishmen justly cherish the memory of Edmund Burke as one of the mightiest geniuses of the modern world, they will guard the fame of Father Burke as one of the greatest orators that ever expounded the Word in the pulpit.

When Thomas Davis endeavored to waken into life, by a soul-stirring ode, the dead chivalry of Connaught, the last refuge of the Catholic Celt, and the last battle-field of Irish independence, he little thought that a youthful reader of the nation in its palmiest days was destined to kindle anew the love of faith and fatherland in Irish hearts in every quarter of the globe by the magic power of true eloquence. Little did the gifted poet of "young Ireland" know that his noble poem, "The West's Asleep," sent the blood burning through the veins of a light-hearted, bright-eyed youth, born in Galway, the city of the tribes in the year 1830. I can fancy how young Tom Burke felt as he read the following inspiring lines of Davis:

"And often in O'Connor's van
To triumph dashed each Connaught clan—
And fleet as deer the Normans ran
Through Corlieu's Pass and Ardahan,
And later times saw deeds as brave;
And glory guards Clanricarde's grave—
Sing, Oh! they died their land to save,
At Aughrim's slopes and Shannon's wave."

In Galway Father Burke received his early education, in the schools of Erasmus Smith. The first language which he spoke was the Irish, and among the poems which he first committed to memory were the most popular of Archbishop MacHale's Irish translations of the Melodies. Though full of wit and humor, and fond of playing the pranks characteristic of schoolboys, characteristic of joyous and light-hearted youth, he was a very industrious student, and made such progress in his studies as gave promise of future celebrity. He became a favorite of the Dominican Fathers, for whom he frequently served mass in the Dominican Church in his native city. He was the recognized orator of his class-fellows at the time when the wonderful eloquence of O'Connell had infused a new soul into Ireland, when Repeal speeches were heard on every spot of Irish soil dear to the people, when young rhetoricians, like Meagher, were beginning to sway by their periods of fire the multitude which the liberator had so long ruled without a rival. Had young Burke mingled in civil affairs, had he, like Montalembert, devoted his great talents to the service of his country, as a layman, I have no doubt but his fame as a Christian statesman and a political orator would be as great as that of the chivalrous Frenchman, the renowned champion of civil and religious freedom, and the eloquent eulogist of the humble, but pious and laborious monks who, in dark

and evil times, despite the ravages of barbarians and the oppressions and destructive influence of feudal despotism preserved the lamp of learning, the torch of science, to bless and enlighten unborn generations.

Father Burke's sympathy with the great national movement inaugurated by O'Connell, and strengthened by those bright spirits whose poetry and eloquence shed fresh lustre upon their country, was strong and enthusiastic. He was an ardent admirer of Davis, and, though young, he appreciated the services which the poets, orators, historians, antiquarians, and essayists of the Nation rendered to Irish literature. "Davis," says Father Burke, "and the men whose hearts beat with such high hope for young Ireland, seized the sad, silent harp of Erin, and sent forth another shrill in the invitation to the men of the North to join hands with their Catholic brethren; to the men of the South to remember the ancient glories of 'Brian the Brave.' To the men of Connaught, he seemed to call forth Roderick O'Connor from his grave at Clonmacnoise. He rallied Ireland in the year memorable for its hopes and for the blighting of those hopes. He and the men of the Nation did what this world has never seen in the same space of time, by the sheer power of Irish genius, by the sheer strength of young Ireland's intellect; the Nation of '43 created a national poetry, a national literature, which no other country can equal. Under the magic voices and pens of these men every ancient glory of Ireland stood forth again. I remember it well, I was but a boy at the time, but I remember with what startled enthusiasm I would arise from reading *Davis's Poems*; and it would seem to me that before my young eyes I saw the dash of the brigade at Fontenoy. It would seem to me as if my young ears were filled with the shouts that resounded at the Yellow Ford and Benburb—the war-cry of the red

hand Lamhdearg Abu—as the English hosts were swept away, and, like snow under the beams of the hot sun, melted away before the Irish onset."

In 1847, when Ireland was suffering from famine and fever, and when political excitement was at the height, he abandoned the world and its temptations, and set out for Rome, with the firm resolution of completing his ecclesiastical studies for the priesthood in the Order of St. Dominic—that illustrious order with which the literary glories of Ireland will be ever inseparably associated. In the novitiate house of the Dominicans in Perugia he was received as a novice, taking the name in religion of Thomas Aquinas. How often has the angelic Doctor invested his eloquence with irresistible power, supplying him with weapons of celestial proof! Having studied philosophy in Perugia, he commenced his theological studies at the college of the Minerva and Santa Sabina in Rome. Having spent five years in Italy, he was sent by his superiors to England, where he was raised to the dignity of the priesthood. In England the scene of his missionary labors for four long years was Gloucestershire. Here he labored unceasingly for the salvation of souls; here he perfected that eloquence which was destined to win unfading laurels for him in Ireland and America. Every hour unoccupied by the duties of his mission was devoted to the study of theology and the Scriptures, the writings of the Holy Fathers, the masterpieces of pulpit eloquence, and to the composition of sermons which he might be called upon to deliver in later years.

His superiors, who thought very highly of his zeal and intellectual gifts, intrusted him with the important and laborious task of founding and establishing a novitiate and house of studies for the order in Ireland. In the old church of St. Saviour, in Denmark Street, his eloquence first attracted the attention

of the citizens of Dublin: The Irish metropolis is never in need of eminent speakers in the pulpit. The Dublin people, like the Athenians in the time of Pericles, Plato, and Demosthenes, are as fond of eloquence as of music, and if they can justly boast of having the most eloquent bar in Europe, they have always a fair supply of distinguished pulpit orators. The fame of Father Burke increased daily; his Lenten sermons, in the new and magnificent church of St. Saviour in Dominick Street, firmly established his reputation as the greatest preacher of whom Dublin could boast.

In 1859 he conducted a retreat for the students of Maynooth, and at the close of that memorable retreat the young and patriotic Levites pronounced him to be the most eloquent preacher they had ever heard in those classic halls, which are always filled with the echoes of genuine sacred oratory. The corner-stone of his new convent at Tallaght was laid on Sunday, the 29th of May, 1864. While acting as superior of this house for four years, he still continued to give missions, conduct retreats, and deliver charity sermons in various parts of Ireland. The next scene of his labors was Rome, where he was appointed Superior of St. Clements, the oldest basilica in the city of the seven hills. He discharged with remarkable success the duties imposed upon him by his new position. His oratorical fame had preceded him, and his ecclesiastical superiors gave him an opportunity to win new triumphs in the pulpit.

In Rome the Lenten sermons are preached in different languages. The church of Santa Maria del Popolo was placed at the service of English-speaking visitors. For many years Cardinal Wiseman delivered the Lenten sermons in the English tongue in the pulpit of Santa Maria del Popolo. The illustrious restorer of the Catholic hierarchy in England was succeeded in the same pulpit by

his friend and admirer, Dr. Manning, the present great and celebrated Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. The death of Cardinal Wiseman necessitated the speedy return of Dr. Manning to England, and the high honor of succeeding in Santa Maria one of the greatest living champions of the Catholic faith was conferred upon Father Burke, the eloquent Superior of St. Clements. For nearly five years his Lenten sermons in this church won the admiration and gratitude of distinguished visitors from England, Ireland, and America.

Immediately previous to the assembling of the Vatican Council, his voice was heard for the last time in Santa Maria by as intellectual an audience as ever hung with rapture upon the accents of Bossuet, or Bourdaloue. When he returned to Ireland, the English Lenten sermons were discontinued, but, when Christendom shall demand the emancipation of the Eternal City, its deliverance from the grasp of an impious revolution, his voice may be once more heard proclaiming the triumphs of truth and justice in the famous church in which his name will be long remembered by true Italian Catholics—true soldiers of the Holy See. During the autumn of 1871, he landed in New York as visitor to the houses of the Dominican Order in the United States. His visit to this country has been the greatest triumph of his life; he may yet win victories as splendid as those which he won in the United States, but no occasion—no matter how great—can ever again give him an opportunity of asserting with greater success the supremacy of Irish genius before the whole civilized world, and of vindicating with such unrivalled power and effect the calumniated memories of men whose names will be ever dear to the hearts of a pious and grateful people—heroes, saints, sages, and patriots over whose ashes the most precious tears of Ireland have been shed. Ireland was too small for Father Burke

—coercion laws are not favorable to the cultivation of national oratory—here he enjoyed full freedom—here he had a field worthy of his eloquence—here he was not confined entirely to the pulpit—here he could stand upon the public platform, clad in the robes of his order, and make every ancient glory of his native land, as himself said of Davis and his companions, stand forth again without running the risk of offending the authorities of Dublin Castle—here he could bring into full play every resource of his grand and versatile intellect in defence of faith and fatherland. The Dominican Church of St. Vincent Ferrer in New York, was so crowded each successive evening that it was frequently impossible to gain admittance after the appearance of the preacher in the pulpit. From every quarter came invitations in quick succession to preach charity sermons, or deliver lectures. He sometimes delivered three sermons in the course of one day. With him to preach two long sermons daily was an ordinary task. He was ready at all times to speak on any subject connected with the pulpit. He was always prepared at a moment's notice to expound the Word, to explain Christian truths to the faithful, to deliver a sermon on God and his attributes, on salvation, on death, on judgment, on heaven and hell, on the mysteries of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, on the virtues and vices, on the sacraments, and on prayer. If the panegyric of a saint was required, Father Burke's eulogy was most appropriate, felicitous, and eloquent. The reception or profession of religious never found him unprepared—he was always most happy in his addresses and sermons on such solemn occasions. In this country he had no time for immediate preparation on any subject of the thousand themes on which he spoke with such telling effect and such brilliant success. His labors here would have killed in a few

months men of ordinary strength. Overwork and a changeable climate injured his health, and preyed upon his vigorous constitution, but his sermons and lectures still continued uninterrupted—his physical endurance and oratorical triumphs still excited the wonder, and won the admiration of the American people. In the autumn of 1872, he was prostrated by a severe illness, his friends and admirers were alarmed,—he was so idolized by the people of New York, especially his Catholic countrymen, that his sudden sickness was a cause of grief and sorrow to them. He was scarcely restored to convalescence when his physical endurance and intellectual power again astonished his most intimate friends. On Sunday morning, the 22d of September, he delivered a sermon at the dedication of a church, in Brighton, Massachusetts; in the morning, and in the evening he addressed in the Coliseum of Boston 40,000 people, “the largest paying audience ever assembled to listen to one man.” What American orator or lecturer had ever a paying audience of ten thousand people! How few had even five thousand in any hall in the United States under the most encouraging and auspicious circumstances!

The ignominious defeat of Froude was the greatest victory which Father Burke won in America. I am not now speaking of the hundreds whom his eloquence converted to the Catholic religion—of the thousands of his own race whose faith he strengthened—of the thousands whom he made proud of the land of their ancestors. I speak of his victory over the English historian, and his triumphant vindication of truth and justice. The slanderer of Mary Stuart, the celebrated Queen of Scots, and the apologist of the tyranny of Henry VIII and Elizabeth is no ordinary man. Froude is an accomplished scholar and an able writer. His style is animated and picturesque. He can paint a moral monster in the colors

of the rainbow. If style can make vice pleasing, and turpitude attractive, Froude has succeeded in his historical romances and anti-Catholic pamphlets. He came to the United States with the advantages of a high literary reputation, intense hatred of everything Catholic, and the powerful support and patronage of wealthy anti-Catholic and anti-Irish bigots. A few hundred persons listened to his lectures in New York—the press gave them ever publicity—Father Burke was called upon to refute the slanderer of his country—public curiosity was excited, and the final result of the historical controversy was watched with deep interest by the American people, who always love fair play and always sympathize with the oppressed.

In a course of five lectures, Father Burke, in the Academy of Music in New York, triumphantly refuted the slanders of Froude, and vindicated with surpassing power Ireland's claims to the sympathy of all lovers of freedom and to the gratitude and admiration of Christendom. Five thousand persons—the *élite* of New York society—were present at each lecture. Veteran journalists, renowned lawyers, famous politicians, celebrated Protestant preachers, in a word, the highest and most cultivated intelligence in the great metropolis of this mighty republic, listened each evening with rapt attention to the great Irish Dominican's vindication of his country's rights, and his crushing reply to the Oxford scholar and historical novelist (calumniator).

Those famous lectures were published verbatim in the daily and weekly press—the greatest power in the United States. Father Burke received from the daily press his just meed of praise—he was a favorite among Protestants and Catholics—American journalists love fair play, admire genius and manly and chivalrous bearing, and without distinction of creed or nationality, give honor to whom honor is due. There are

some exceptions, but they are few. Genius, eloquence, learning, high principles always command attention, respect, and homage in this country. After Father Burke's triumph in New York, Mr. Froude was compelled to retreat from the field of which he had taken prior possession—his employers lost confidence in him—they were convinced after a painful experience that their engagement would not "pay," and that the fame of their champion would not defray the expense of the halls in which he was announced to deliver his anti-Irish lectures. Froude immediately returned to England, the victory of Father Burke was complete in every respect, and the slanderer of all that is true and noble and exalted in Irish faith and patriotism was taught a lesson which he will never forget till the grave closes over him, and the innocent are free from his deliberate misrepresentation, falsehood, and calumny. His defeat was not regretted by a single genuine American, and even his own countrymen, honest, manly, educated Englishmen, scorned the acquaintance of a man who deliberately and with malice prepense misrepresented historical facts, and maligned Catholic names still dear to the chivalry of England and Scotland. Had Mr. Froude remained longer here, his defeat would have been more humiliating and ignominious. Father Burke allowed him to return to England without making an ungentlemanly use of his victory—his rich humor might have said: "Be off as quickly as possible, and tell me when you intend to return." It was well for him that his departure was premature, or rather timely for himself; for John Mitchell and Wendell Phillips would have done with amazing rapidity and severity whatever the great Dominican might have left undone. John Mitchell's style, historical knowledge, and rare powers of sarcasm made his letters very telling against the "Historian" who

never relishes literature racy of Irish soil. Father Burke still continued to preach and lecture after Froude's departure, but his health was not proof against such unceasing exertion—such unremitting labor. Rest was necessary to a frame which was human—to lungs which were not made of brass or cast iron. He returned to Ireland in the spring of 1873, after having astonished the American people by his wonderful eloquence.

Father Burke is one of the greatest pulpit orators whom this generation has seen. If, as Cicero says, the most infallible token of an orator is to be esteemed as such in the opinion of the people, who are the best judges of true eloquence, the Irish Dominican must be regarded as one of the most effective speakers of whom the modern world can boast. What earthly sovereignty is equal to that which he has acquired by the magic power of his eloquence over the hearts of men? Could any man gain this wonderful influence without possessing the elements of the highest oratory? What is the secret of his power over the hearts of his countrymen? Ireland can always boast of eminent speakers. How is it that, with the single exception of Archbishop MacHale, there is no living Irishman more loved by the Irish people than Father Burke? Patriotism is one of the secrets of his popularity. He loves Ireland, her history, her literature, her proud national recollections. He loves the Irish people ardently; knows their wants, shares their aspirations, sympathizes with their sufferings, advocates their rights, and never grows weary in proclaiming their praises, eulogizing their grand virtues, and commending and confirming their fidelity to the faith, and their unshrinking devotion to the Holy See. His love of Ireland is strong, deep, and warm—second only to his love for God. Like all great orators, like Demosthenes and Cicero, and St. John Chrysostom and Bossuet,

and Lacordaire and O'Connell, love of country is one of the principal inspirations of his eloquence. The people have confidence in him, they believe his words because they come from the heart, and from personal conviction; he speaks with the authority of a man of God, and there is no room left for doubt when you hear the Gospel from the lips of an Apostle. His zeal, his self-denial, his spirit of prayer, the sweetness of his charity impart to his eloquence a power which cannot be resisted. Charity works miracles. "Love first," says St. Augustine, "and then you may do what you please." Father Burke instructs, reproves, exhorts the faithful with all the love and zeal of a kind father. In this respect he follows the example of St. Paul, the great model of the Christian preacher. His language is as simple and expressive as that of the Sermon on the Mount, equally adapted to rich and poor, to the humblest understanding as well as the most cultivated intellect. He wastes no time in metaphysical disquisitions; plain, direct, and practical, he preaches the word with the zeal of an apostle, and explains the truths of revelation in language so simple, forcible, and perspicuous, that the humblest understanding can comprehend them. His command of words is boundless; his fund of appropriate imagery and felicitous illustration inexhaustible. He possesses the first excellence of an orator, a magnificent delivery. The importance of this great oratorical gift cannot be overrated. When Demosthenes was three times asked what was the first quality in an orator, he thrice replied, "delivery." Louis of Granada said that delivery was second only to the grace of the Holy Ghost. "You may utter volumes," says St. Francis de Sales, "and if you do not utter them well, it is lost labor. Speak but little, and that little well, and you may effect much."

Gifted with a powerful, well modu-

lated baritone voice, Father Burke can delight and captivate an audience by his delivery alone, apart from the matter of his discourse. His voice, like the peal of an organ, can fill the largest cathedral, and his sermon or lecture, delivered with all the graces of elocution, is never forgotten by those who may have the happiness of listening to it. His action is nature assisted by art, always impressive, always edifying. I have heard many speakers, lawyers, statesmen, and pulpit orators. No music to which I ever listened has such charms for me as the music of true eloquence—noble sentiments, breathing thoughts, well and forcibly delivered. I have heard no speaker, either here, or in Ireland, whose delivery can equal that of Father Burke. All have their favorites, and the Irish Dominican is the great master of human speech, whose burning words in defence of faith and fatherland, are more musical to my ear than the lyre of Orpheus or the harp of David. His memory is most retentive, another indispensable gift of an orator. He had no time for preparing the sermons and lectures which he delivered in the United States, but the results of former study were treasured in his clear and powerful memory. Give him a few minutes to reflect upon a subject, and he is ready without further preparation to speak on it for an hour, or two hours, before five thousand people. The subject of one of his last lectures in Brooklyn was Roderick O'Connor. In the morning he preached a long sermon, in the evening he crossed the ferry from New York on one of the steamboats, accompanied by Major Haverty, the publisher of his lectures and sermons. He had actually forgotten the subject on which he was to speak. Major Haverty gave him a ticket, he looked at the name of the Irish king, and after a

few minutes' thought and reflection, said, "I am all right now; I have the principal points which I intend to make." The lecture was delivered in the Academy of Music before a Brooklyn audience of four thousand people, and was one of his most successful oratorical efforts in this country. His extempore efforts are always successful, but this success is the result of his exact and extensive knowledge. If he is a great preacher, he is also a man of study, like Bossuet, and Bourdaloue, and Massillon. Knowledge does not come by inspiration, though the inspiration of genius gives life and soul to Father Burke's varied erudition. What fancy, what imagination, what brilliant wit, what rich and racy humor, what inexhaustible anecdotes are his! In wit he rivals Curran, Father O'Leary, O'Connell, and Moore. His humorous anecdotes, always to the point, always timely, always lending force to his arguments and making his eloquence more effective, would fill a volume. The pride of his native land and the glory of the pulpit, he has risen as a giant from the grave of his martyred brethren, the patriotic and illustrious Irish Dominicans; of whom, in the words of the greatest English poet since Milton, it may be truly said that—

"The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolls mingling with their fame forever."

Ireland has blessed this generation with two princes of the pulpit, the Irish Lacordaire, Father Burke, and the Chrysostom of his adopted country, the gifted and silver-tongued Bishop Ryan, of St. Louis. But this glory is not her only title to the gratitude of Christendom. The royal race of giant intellects and eloquent tongues will still bless future generations with apostles as eloquent as the great Irish Dominican and the illustrious Bishop of St. Louis.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

A PARAGRAPH has been going the rounds of the papers to the effect that a member of the Idaho Legislature proposed, during the last session, a general bill divorcing all the married couples in the State, and restoring them in a body to their former condition of single blessedness; stating that such a measure would expedite business and do no harm, since all those satisfied with their chosen partners could be remarried at once, and be thus rendered surer of the stability of their affections. Such a pleasantry as the foregoing, for of course it is but a jest, indicates the condition of society, and the extremely lax views it entertains of the sacredness and permanence of the marriage-tie, and exposes to the thinking reader the danger which saps the root of civilization, in rendering unstable all the family relations, and making marriage but an ephemeral agreement, to be evaded and reformed almost at the will of the contracting parties.

The sanctity of the marriage bond cannot be over-estimated, nor can the beauty of a true marriage be exaggerated; and it is one of the worst signs of the times that such indifference exists upon the subject of conjugal fidelity, threatening as it does the disruption of society by the facility with which the marital vows are dissolved, and man and wife sundered by the aid of the laws of divorce.

In pagan Rome for 500 years after the foundation of the city divorce was almost unknown, and so abhorrent to the hearts of its people that when, in the year of the city 523, a citizen of note, Spurius Carvilius Ruga, put away from him his wife, because of her barrenness, he became an object of aversion, was pointed at in the highways, and regarded as a gross offender against the established order of society.

But when the Empire was dominant, and corruption and effeminacy had lowered the Romans from their high estate, divorce became rampant and the most trivial causes were sufficient to justify a dissolution of marriage. Wives were divorced by their husbands upon every pretext. It is recorded in one instance that the woman was deprived of her standing as a wife, because she had gone to the spectacle without the consent of her spouse; and in another, because she had been seen talking in the street with a freed-woman of low degree. In both these cases the unhappy criminals and their husbands being numbered among the patricians and occupying stations of prominence. For three centuries this reign of laxity prevailed and produced such evident alarming results as to call forth, even from the infidel Gibbon, in his *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* a denunciation of the social impolicy of such a loose construction of the marital contract, and a decided opinion against the theory of divorce. In volume V of that work we find the following, speaking of the times and the abuses we have mentioned: "A specious theory is confuted by this free and perfect experiment, which demonstrates that the liberty of divorce does not contribute to happiness and virtue. The facility of separation would destroy all mutual confidence, and inflame every trifling dispute: the minute difference between a husband and a stranger, which might so easily be removed, might still more easily be forgotten."

Public corruption and private profligacy go hand in hand with a disregard for the permanence of marriage. Such is the unvarying testimony of ancient and modern times. Protestantism has not yet learned this, and since its first advent has, with unva-

rying persistence, fought against the indissolubility of the marital contract; and sought to overturn the rule established by the Church, without which society cannot be safe or pure, nor the civilization struggled for and maintained by Catholicity hold its own against the powers of evil.

The rule of the Church in regard to marriage is "one with one exclusively and forever:" but she has not been allowed to maintain this law without fierce and long-continued resistance, even from those claiming to be her children. Kings and princes have brought the whole power of their exalted positions to battle against the restraint thus imposed upon the fickleness of the passions, and the whole world has been disturbed and shaken by the contest waged between the earthly and spiritual powers in the futile endeavor of the former to set at naught the solemn vows of matrimony, and compel a relaxation of the rigid doctrine of the true religion upon this subject. With the firmness of adamant Catholicity remained unwavering in her stand, and the sanctity of marriage was ever upheld despite of all. Balmes testifies as to the agency of the Church in the establishment of this rule, and her inflexibility in maintaining it, and to the fatal blow thus struck at the domination of the passions, in these words: "But the doctrine" (quoted above) "would have been powerless, if the Church had not undertaken to apply it, and if she had not carried on this task with invincible firmness; for the passions, above all those of man, rebel against such a doctrine; and they would undoubtedly have trodden it under foot, if they had not met with an insurmountable barrier, which did not leave them the most distant hope of triumph."

So speaks the Churchman upon this point; but not to him alone nor to his co-religionists can we look for testimony favoring this doctrine, for

strange to say even from the mouths of the supporters of an opposite rule do we obtain strong words affirming what the Church teaches.

The indissolubility of marriage is recognized and upheld in the plainest terms in the law prescribing divorce, and the procedure to obtain it in our own State, inconsistent though it be, and the legislators who by their act afforded a legal means to dissolve the sacred bond upon the threshold, made proclamation to the world that they were about to do an unchristian and an unwise thing, thus stultifying themselves in a manner apparent to the most casual reader, as we will show. The preamble to the act of the General Assembly, approved March 13th, 1815, entitled "An act concerning divorces," and upon which the whole system of divorce in this State is founded, reads as follows: "Whereas the divine precepts of the Christian religion, the promotion of the best interests of human happiness, the design of marriage, and the object of parties entering into the marriage state, require that it should continue during their joint lives; yet where one of the parties is under a natural or legal incapacity of faithfully discharging the matrimonial vow, or is guilty of acts inconsistent with the *sacred* contract, the laws of every well-regulated society should give relief to the innocent and injured party. Be it enacted," etc. The causes which shall justify a divorce are then set forth, and the first section concludes: "In every such case it shall and may be lawful for the innocent and injured person to obtain a divorce from the bond of matrimony."

Here we have the strongest testimony to the sanctity of the matrimonial bond and to the necessity of its permanence. It is called the "sacred contract," it is declared to be made for the joint lives of the parties, the precepts of the Christian religion are invoked to support this doctrine, and the very design of the

tie and the best interests of human happiness are announced in favor of a permanent union. And yet these wise legislators then proceed to legalize a dissolution of the sacred contract and enact a law, which according to their own language is contrary to the "divine precepts of the Christian religion, the promotion of the best interests of human happiness, the design of marriage, and the object of parties entering into the marriage state," for all those require that the contract should continue during the joint lives of the parties.

And this rare preamble, as a further evidence of the consistency and wisdom of those who have given the State a system of divorce, asserts in effect that "the laws of every well-regulated society" should authorize something which immediately before has been declared opposite to all human happiness and divine precept. What a subversion of all law is such reason for legislation, and to what straits are the very champions of divorce driven for an apology for their course, when none better could be offered than that embraced in this preamble. What stronger human proof can we have of the utter want of wisdom, that rules the councils of the partisans of divorce, than the folly that ushers into being a statute to dissolve marriage with such unqualified assertions as to the necessity existing, both from a worldly and religious standpoint, to preserve indissoluble the matrimonial bond. Demosthenes in his definition of law says: "All law is the invention and gift of heaven—the resolution of wise men." Had he foreseen Pennsylvania legislation we may surely assume his opinion would have been qualified.

Coexistent with a facility of divorce there flourished in tottering Rome an utter disregard of all legal or religious rite to mark the inception of the marriage relation, and the tie so wantonly parted was as un-

ceremoniously joined. Marriage deprived of the safeguards of a legal and religious sanction in its birth, and of the certainty of its bond only ending with death, sank to the level of an ordinary partnership. In the words of Gibbon it became "a loose and voluntary compact," to which "religious and civil rites were no longer essential; and between persons of a similar rank the apparent community of life was allowed as sufficient evidence of their nuptials." Can we wonder then that the consequences were as he portrays them? "Passion, interest, or caprice, suggested daily motives for the dissolution of marriage; a word, a sign, a message, a letter, the mandate of a freedman, declared the separation; the most tender of human connections was degraded to a transient society of profit or pleasure." We must remember that this is not a Churchman who is speaking, nor even a simple believer in revelation, but an avowed infidel, and we have quoted him thus often, as the more likely on that account to carry conviction, since none can accuse him, while thus he testifies, of entertaining any leaning that would sway his judgment in the interests of Catholicity. From the mouth of her enemies then can we gather evidence of the wisdom of the Church, when she erects such an "insurmountable barrier" in the path of the passions, and confronts with "invincible firmness" the rebellion of caprice and self-interest against the rigid law of indissoluble marriage.

In our own days we witness a repetition of the ancient laxness of society with regard to the ceremonial of marriage condemned by the historian, and we behold transplanted into our midst from the most profligate period of Roman luxury the pernicious and unchristian doctrine of marriage without solemnization, civil or religious, to note its commencement, or any other evidence of its existence than the mere "ap-

parent community of life" that the same chronicler records in the extract above.

Our courts have established beyond question the rule that proof of reputation as man and wife, and cohabitation as such, is sufficient to constitute a valid marriage for all purposes except in criminal proceedings, and the Protestant civilization of the nineteenth century, so boastful of its enlightenment, so far in advance of all the restraints and narrow limits that shackle the Catholic intelligence, has progressed no farther in the knowledge of the relations that lie at the root of all society, than the corrupt and licentious Romans at a time when vice and prodigality ran riot, and casting aside all checks, all semblance of decorum, urged that people in mighty strides to their melancholy and irretrievable fall.

The celebrated English authority on jurisprudence, Jeremy Bentham, whose writings are admitted as a standard, and quoted unceasingly, calls marriage the "bond of society and foundation of civilization," and yet he favors most strongly facility of divorce, and urges many specious arguments in support of the advantages of a dissoluble contract. While he thus attacks the security of society by weakening its bond, and civilization by thus undermining its foundation, even he condemns the informal manner of contracting marriage authorized by the laws of Scotland, which assimilates to the doctrine of our own law, and expresses the opinion that some ceremony should be observed in entering into the married state; for, he remarks, "it is not to be doubted but that ceremonies which strike the imagination serve to impress the mind with the importance and dignity of the contract." This is a large concession from one of his views, and decidedly inconsistent also, since it must be borne in mind this great light of jurisprudence recommends

the legalization of marriage "contracts" for a limited period, say for a year; although he qualifies this recommendation by offering it not as a rule but as a remedy, he says, in such a state of society as renders permanent marriage impossible or inconvenient for certain classes of persons, whose means or occupations will not permit them to enter into the ordinary "partnership." What ceremony, civil or religious, would he advise to mark the institution of such a mockery of the holy state; and would not even the most advanced champion of a dissoluble contract stand aghast at such a perversion of the matrimonial tie? Into what depths would society and civilization be hurried were such views to be adopted, and legal recognition given to such unlimited license to passion, caprice, and self-interest?

To the Catholic mind such a doctrine is as revolting as polygamy, and to society at large, it is to be hoped, it would be equally uninviting, and yet it must be confessed the rule established in this State and elsewhere, and condemned by this very author in his strictures upon the law of Scotland, is a step, and a long one, in that direction. The marriage that is entered into informally and uncereemoniously, and that can be proven by mere "community of living," may be dissolved by the mere motion of the parties, and a new one can be contracted in the same mode and as summarily ended, and so on as long as fickleness prompts a change. The law offers no remedy for this, since no prosecution for bigamy can be sustained without proof of some religious or civil solemnization of the matrimonial rites. Thus we have, under the judicial decisions, a marriage that is recognized as legal, and yet is no marriage should another contract be formed and properly solemnized, either with the sanction of the civil magistrate or the minister of religion, and whilst the informal marriage is suffi-

cient for all civil purposes, yet in the event of a second regularly celebrated, there is no punishment for the breach of the first. It is a popular saying that "common law is common sense," but we confess it puzzles us to reconcile this anomaly with that supposed guide of all human actions.

Protestantism is responsible for the present condition of the laws as to marriage and divorce; for, as all know, the Church has ever been the protector of the sanctity of matrimony, the constant adversary of all attempts to weaken its bond. History proves this, and, indeed, it is one of the most heinous charges against the great author and fosterer of civilization, in the eyes of her enemies, that she has never relaxed her rule, and her inflexible stand in this respect is by them decried as one of the evidences of her failure to correspond with the progress of modern ideas. Without the Church and her true civilization, we can truly say, sad indeed would be the condition of society; for her influence it is, unknown and unacknowledged, that restrains the so-called modern progress from plunging society into worse errors than those already prevalent, and to her teachings it is due that irreligion has not yet accomplished a more complete abandonment of the one safe rule that marriage should be indissoluble. The Church ranks matrimony among the sacraments, surrounds it with every safeguard against passion and inconstancy, teaches her children to enter into it with deliberation and reverence, secures its elevation far beyond a mere human agreement, by dignifying it with her most solemn blessing, and to crown all in celebrating its rites proclaims it a union to the grave, in the very words of Holy Writ, "What God has joined let not man put asunder." How then could she recognize a dissolution of the tie, or waver for a moment in her rule, even though all the powers

of earth and darkness assailed her position.

The ceremonies of the Church in the celebration of marriage have a deeper, more powerful meaning than merely to "strike the imagination," and are designed to invest the solemn contract with more than earthly "importance and dignity," for she looks beyond mere worldly essentials, transporting this union into the spiritual sphere, marking its inception with her holiest rites, to signify its sanctity and impress upon the mind its high obligations, so far beyond the transient bond of a civil contract, and thus commands for it the reverence and respect due to a sacrament, a means of acquiring divine grace.

The only instance perpetuated in the Scriptures of the attendance of our divine Lord, during his pilgrimage upon earth, at any scene of festivity, is the marriage feast of Cana, and he then not only conferred the exceeding blessing of his divine presence, but marked the event by the performance of a miracle at the request of his Immaculate Mother. May we not presume that this is not without significance? May not this exceptional condescension of our Saviour be regarded as a special act of grace, conceded by him in favor of the celebration of a most holy ceremony, and are we not justified in bringing the greatest solemnity to mark the cementing of this tie, the solemnization of which was once so supremely honored and blessed as to be thought worthy of the presence of our divine Saviour, and which of all earthly rites is the only one ever thus elevated?

The establishment of informal marriage, and its recognition by the law, with the consequent inconsistencies, such as have been shown, prove the interpreters of the law, to whom we are indebted for this pagan style of matrimonial contract, as wise in their generation as the lawmakers who preceded them. The next step,

now that the law, in defiance of the Christian religion and unmindful of the best interests of human happiness, authorized divorce, was to devise the necessary routine to be followed to call the statute into motion whenever escape was sought from the thralldom of the sacred contract, and caprice or the passions became impatient of the duties and mutual obligations of marriage. Those upon whom this task devolved, have performed it well in the interests of all in whose path the Church erected her insurmountable barrier. It would be needless to enter into details of the prescribed procedure here, and it would be uninteresting, perhaps unintelligible—it suffices to say that not only are means provided to facilitate a dissolution, but also that by the aid of further legislation and rules of practice, it has been made possible and easy for the dissatisfied husband or wife to be released from their vows without the knowledge of the other party in interest. This is effected by what is called, in the language of lawyers, an *ex parte* proceeding. The advocates of the system will exclaim against this assertion, and declare that every precaution is taken to bring the knowledge of the proceedings home to the respondent, the party against whom the complaint is made, but experience teaches otherwise. When the respondent's whereabouts are unknown, or pretended so to be, an order may be obtained to advertise notice of the commencement of the suit, certain technical requirements being first complied with, and then the matter is treated as though the party had been personally admonished of the attack upon the marital rights. Even in this age of newspapers this mode of notification is so plainly ineffectual as to be a mere sham, and the advertisements are so framed in legal jargon as to be a skilful snare even when seen, for to the uninitiated they convey no meaning, no warning of their im-

port. At each subsequent stage where personal notice to the respondent is necessary, an order of publication may then be had, and other advertisements follow, equally useless for their purpose of actual notice, until finally the divorce is decreed, and proclamation made after the adjournment of the court, in the presence only of the impatient tipstaves, for whose amusement alone the dismal announcement contributes.

This is not an exaggeration, but a plain statement, upon the authority of those "learned in the law," though perhaps our informants may not view the facts in the same light as they appear to the reader, untaught in the niceties and subtle distinctions of the profession, and unversed in the potency of "legal fictions." To the unprejudiced layman this system does not appear to offer any protection to an absent or ignorant respondent, and the boasted guards that are announced as checks upon the unscrupulous use of the divorce procedure seem to be, in the language of the English judges upon trial by jury in Ireland enounced in 1844, "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." Indiana has become a byword, but we question if the courts of that Western paradise of easy divorces offer any greater facilities to dissolve marriage than the procedure just described. The aim of the rules governing these proceedings seems to be to preserve secret all the workings of the judicial machinery. The most important stages are hurried through in the privacy of an attorney's office, with the ineffectual precautions of newspaper advertisements, and notices posted in a pile in an obscure corner of the court office, inaccessible save to the initiated, and the payment of costs is the only point well guarded, since no decree is made until the clerk and his satellites receive their perquisites; then the proclamation of divorce is completed, the sacred contract succumbs to the power of a statute, and

those whom God has joined the law puts asunder.

Is comment necessary to make more evident the fearful abuses this system evolves? Are not the plain facts sufficient to fully expose the destructive tendencies of this blot upon our laws? And what stronger argument against divorce than the simple narrative of the means employed by a short-sighted government to effectuate a dissolution of marriage, and thus enable dissolute society to gratify its caprices, in defiance of religion and human happiness?

The lives of the Saints offer many beautiful examples of the fidelity of these standard-bearers of the faith to the teachings of the Church upon the sanctity of marriage, and none more touching can be found than the histories of the marriages of St. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, and St. Elizabeth, the Lily of Portugal. St. Monica's husband was a pagan, opposed to her in faith, cruel to her personally, lived in open infidelity to his marital vows, and while he thus insulted her wifely honor, he pierced the heart of the mother too by encouraging the youthful Augustine in the excesses that marked his life before his conscience was touched by divine grace, and repentance opened the way to the perfection he afterwards attained. For many years St. Monica endured these trials, besieging the throne of God with constant prayer for her faithless and guilty spouse, fulfilling so perfectly and with such unvarying patience her wifely duties, and enduring neglect and contumely at the hands of her husband so uncomplainingly, that at length her sweetness won, her prayers were heard, the pagan tyrant became the Christian spouse, and St. Monica wears the proud titles of the model wife and mother. The Lily of Portugal was sanctified by similar afflictions. Her consort was King of Portugal—a good ruler but an infamous husband. His life was devoted, when apart from the cares of

state, to disgraceful intrigues, and his wife suffered not only from his neglect, but even from false accusations against her honor, but too readily entertained by her inconstant partner. And yet ever regardful of her vows, her only earthly thought was of her husband's welfare; her prayers were ever petitions for his reformation. She sought out the sharers of his guilt and the offspring of his unlawful entanglements, and endeavored to save the one from the doubtful career their origin opened for them, and to rescue the others from the allurements of the ways of crime. Despite calumny and unhappiness of every grade, this saintly Queen clung to her fidelity to her husband, and persevered in all her efforts for his salvation. She, too, conquered; the heart of her spouse was reclaimed by her gentle influence and prayers; he abandoned his criminal pursuits, and turned to his Queen and to his God. These are the wives the Church has made; glance at modern society, and behold those fashioned in the school of divorce and informal marriage. Sustained by the grace of a sacrament, taught by their religion to cultivate to the extremest degree mutual forbearance, educated by the same all-wise monitor to restrain every irregular fancy, and secure in the bonds of an indissoluble contract, the Catholic husband or wife are strengthened to resist the temptations that beset those to whom divorce is ever visible and possible, and thus escape the conjugal unhappiness that is fostered by the very hope of dissolving the marriage contract. Take away the prospect of becoming free and mutual concession has a fairer field; the bickerings that so often lead to serious breaches are ended by patience, the false independence of spirit, so ill-suited to a union that should inculcate the most gentle relations, and that resents every hasty word as an insult, is curbed and subdued, and "trifles light as air" cease to assume

a magnitude that precludes all forgiveness; for then it becomes the aim of the married to render happier and less discordant by the exercise of Christian charity and gentleness the intimate companionship that death alone can sever. It is proverbial how easily disputes are engendered between those thus united, and this has been so happily and aptly expressed by a favorite poet that we may be pardoned for producing the lines:

"Alas, how light a cause may move—
Dissension between those that love—
* * * * *
A something light as air, a look,
A word unkind, or wrongly taken—
A love that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this, has shaken."

How necessary then to remove from human frailty every wanton hope of release, the fountain of such dissension, and to leave the strongest incentive to live down all the asperities springing from the clashing of temperaments unused to concession, by preserving the inflexible rule of a contract to last as long as life, and thus to regulate and restrain those for whom the sanctity of marriage has no existence. To those who believe in a sacramental union as well as a civil contract, the sense of the reciprocal duties of the married state should be a sufficient guard to the perpetuity of the holy tie.

The inconsistencies and abuses of the system of marriage and divorce have been but imperfectly shadowed in these pages, and it would be impossible, within the limits of this article, to exhaust this important and prominent subject; but the hope remains that this effort, crude and incomplete as it may be, shall bear fruit in provoking reflection upon this theme, and awakening Catholic sentiment to combat the errors and dangers of modern law and custom on this point. If any one thinks we have exaggerated, let him observe for himself, and form his own conclusions from the dark records of the

divorce proceedings, and the pages of the press. Marriage, we repeat, has lost in society its best attributes, and degenerated into the unhonored partnership that disgraced the declining days of the Roman Empire; and attendant upon this degradation of the sacred contract, the companion evil of facile divorce completes the resemblance of our days to that woful period. A false civilization upholds these dangerous and unchristian doctrines, and beyond the pale of the church all is anarchy and chaos upon this subject. The "bond of society and foundation of civilization" is the object of open and insidious attack without intermission; from the pulpit and rostrum alike are unceasingly directed the shafts of the enemy against the stronghold of the domestic virtues, the guardian of constancy and conjugal devotion. Literature openly assails in flippant periods the sanctity of the marital relation; libraries teem with the immoral products of irreligious writers, directed against the family bond; youth and age are alike corrupted by the scurrilous and licentious volumes sown broadcast throughout the land, by means of the never-tiring printing press; and the greed of mercenary publishers, panderers to a depraved taste, turns into a grievous curse the influence of this mighty engine, designed to disseminate good, by perverting its use to the multiplication of these pernicious works. Hence the necessity to rouse all the energies of the advocates of a pure society, a true civilization, and a healthy literature; and these are the reflections that elicited these pages, to give the writer's mite in this good cause. Were it possible to secure universal acknowledgment of the true doctrine of marriage, to strike down at one blow the system of divorce, more than half the task of regenerating society would be accomplished. Every voice raised in this work is so much gained, and no pen can be more honorably, more meritoriously

employed than in contributing its meed to counteract the effect of the fast-spreading opinions of the enemies of the domestic circle. The injury worked by their doctrines is incalculable, its ramifications illimitable, and paralyzation of the true growth of the human affections is the result. The remedy is to restore marriage to its pristine sanctity; to teach deluded society that conjugal devotion must be

"Constant as the northern star,
Of whose true fixed and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament,"

and that the only safe rule for marriage is that of the Church, "one with one exclusively and forever."

To effect this result, to combat the rapidly growing tendency to lower the dignity of marriage, is worthy the efforts of a new crusade, and the first step and the most essential one, is to thoroughly train the youthful generation in the true doctrines upon this subject, and deeply imbue them with the spirit of Catholicity upon this momentous question. To seek or hope for the abrogation of the laws of divorce, is too much perhaps to desire from a Protestant community with any prospect of success; it only remains then to educate those who would otherwise furnish subjects for those laws to such a degree of respect and reverence for the matrimonial tie, as to nullify as far as practicable the statutes so objectionable to true Christian souls, and so destructive of the harmony of families. Let the young be taught the sacredness of this Christian union; let them learn never to lose the remembrance that it is a sacrament, a means established by Divine Providence to convey

grace to souls, and not a mere contract or partnership; let them never forget that the Church teaches that this sacrament should never be received without proper preparations, and without every effort to incite and encourage the dispositions to fit them for its reception, and to look with horror upon the too prevalent mode of contracting the sacred tie, without reflection, or opportunity to prepare the soul for its new responsibility.

It is this careless and reprehensible practice of thus undertaking the solemn obligations and duties of matrimony, actuated only perhaps by passion, caprice, or hope of worldly advantage, that leads in a great measure to the activity of the divorce courts. If the teachings of the Church upon this point were followed, and the world were persuaded to listen to her admonitions, to scrutinize carefully the motives leading to marriage, to use her holy offices in the work of preparation for that change of state, to cultivate in advance the dispositions necessary to make a happy union, and to avoid all reckless haste in the choice of a partner for life, then the divorce laws would grow obsolete from disuse. But this change is not to be hoped for so long as Protestantism is predominant. All we can ask, and feel we have an undeniable right to ask, is that the children of the Church shall set this example, and obeying to the extreme limit the counsels of their Holy Guide, thus secure happiness in their domestic circles, and force non-believers to admire, and perhaps to imitate.

SORROW.

I SAT within a dungeon dark
A prisoner. My heart in pain
Its bondage mourned, and for release
It bitterly cried out in vain.

Lo ! through a crevice—work of storms—
The rising sun, a ray of gold
Soft sent, and, like a miracle,
Became transformed the prison-hold !

To ev'ry corner mute it pierced,
And filled it not alone with light,
But sweet revealed the dungeon-cell,
A fancy of the lonely night !

Not dungeon-cell, but room set round
With garniture of richest type ;
With pictures fair, with bloom of flow'rs,
With statues breathing beauty ripe ;

With all that eye could seek to love ;
With all that pleasure could demand ;
With gifts so rare, so precious, they
Could ne'er have come from jailer's hand,

But from a gen'rous monarch's will,
Who, loving, waited just beyond
This entrance to his palace fair,
To claim from me allegiance fond !

O God ! this life that dungeon is ;
Till beams the dawn of Thy dear love,
We sit in night, and fail to see
Thy promise of what waits above !

But through the rent by Sorrow made,
Soft shines the ray from Thy heart's core,
And lo ! the royal room revealed,
The prison-cell we know no more !

THE BLIND MAN'S WREATH.

"My boy, my poor blind boy!"

This sorrowful exclamation broke from the lips of Mrs. Owen, as she lay upon the couch to which a long and wasting illness had confined her, and whence she well knew she was never more to rise.

Her son, the only child of her widowed hearth, the sole object of her cares and affections, knelt beside her, his face bowed upon her pillow, for now only, in a moment of solemn communion with his mother, had she revealed the fatal truth, and told him she must soon die! He had watched, and hoped, and trembled for many weary months, but never yet had he admitted to himself the possibility of losing her; her fading cheek and sunken eye could not reveal to him the progress of decay, and so long as the loved voice maintained its music to his ear and cheered him with promise of improvement, so long as her hand still clasped his, he had hoped she would recover.

He had been blind since he was three years old; stricken by lightning, he had totally lost his sight. A dim remembrance of his widowed mother's face, her smoothly braided hair, and flowing white dress, was one of the few recollections entwined with the period before all became dark to him.

The boy grew up, tall, slender, delicate, with dark pensive eyes, which bore no trace of the calamity that had destroyed their powers of vision; grave, though not sad; dreamy, enthusiastic, and requiting his mother's care with the deepest veneration and tenderness. In the first years of his childhood, they had resided near a town on the seacoast, in one of the prettiest parts of the country.

Independently of the natural kindness which very rarely fails to be shown towards any person who is

blind, there was that about both the widow and her son which invariably rendered them acceptable guests; for their intellectual resources, and powers of conversation, were equally diversified and uncommon. Mrs. Owen had studied much, in order to teach her son, and thus, by improving her natural abilities, had become a person of no common stamp; her intellectuality, however, being always subservient to, and fitly shadowed by the superior feminine attributes of love, gentleness, and sympathy; for Heaven help the woman in whom these gifts are not predominant over any mental endowments whatsoever.

When they walked out together his mother took his arm; he was proud of that, he liked to fancy he was some support to her, and many pitying eyes used latterly to follow the figure of the widow in the black dress she constantly wore, and the tall pale son on whom she leaned confidently, as if striving with a sweet deception to convince him that he was indeed the staff of her declining strength. But gradually the mother's form grew bent, her step dragged wearily along, and the expression of her face indicated increasing weakness. The walks were at an end; and before long she was too feeble to leave her bed, excepting to be carried to a summer parlor, where she lay upon a sofa beside an open window, with flowers twining around the casement, and the warm sunshine filling all things with joy, save her foreboding heart and the anxious son who incessantly hung over her. Friends often came to visit them, and turned away with a deep sadness as they noted the progress of her malady, and heard the blind man ask each time whether they did not think her better—oh surely a little better than when they had last beheld her?

Among all these, no friend was so welcome or brought such solace to the sick-room as Mary Parker, a joyous girl of nineteen, one of the beauties of the county, and the admiration and delight of all who knew her. Mrs. Owen had danced Mary upon her knee, and Edward used to weave baskets and make garlands for her when he was a boy of twelve, and she a little fairy of six years old or thereabouts, stood beside him, praising his skill, and wondering how he could manage so cleverly though blind. None of his childish companions ever led him so carefully as Mary, or seemed so much impressed with his mental superiority; she would leave those games of her playmates in which his blindness prevented him from joining, and would listen for hours to the stories with which his memory was well stored, or which his own imagination enabled him to invent.

As she grew up there was no change in the frank and confiding nature of their intercourse. Mary still made him the recipient of her girlish secrets, and plans, and dreams, just as she had done of her little griefs and joys in childhood; asked him to quote his favorite passages of poetry, or stationed herself near him at the piano, suggesting subjects for him to play, which he extemporized at her bidding. Bright and blooming as Mary was, the life of every party, beaming with animation and enjoyment, no attention was capable of rendering her unmindful of him; and she was often known to sit out several dances in an evening to talk to dear Edward Owen, who would be sad if he thought himself neglected.

And now she daily visited the invalid, her buoyant spirits tempered by sympathy for her increasing sufferings, but still diffusing such an atmosphere of sunshine and hope around her, that gloom and despondency seemed to vanish at her presence. Edward's sightless eyes were

always raised to her bright face, as if he felt the magic influence it imparted.

His mother had noted all this with a mother's watchfulness; and, on that day, when strong in her love, she had undertaken to break to him the fact which all others shrank from communicating, she spoke likewise of Mary, and of the vague wild hope she had always cherished of one day seeing her his wife.

"No, mother, no!" exclaimed the blind man. "Dearest mother, in this you are not true to yourself! What! Would you wish to see her in all her springtime of youth and beauty sacrificed to such a one as I!—to see Mary, as you have described her to me, as my soul tells me she is, tied down to be the guide, and leader, and support, of one who could not make one step in her defence; whose helplessness alone, in the eyes of men, would be his means of sheltering and protecting her! Would you hear her pitied—our bright Mary pitied—as a Blind Man's Wife, mother!"

"But Edward—if she loves you, as I am sure she does—"

"Love me, mother! Yes, as angels love mortals, as a sister loves a brother, as you love me! And for this benignant love, this tender sympathy, I could kneel and kiss the ground she treads upon; but, beyond this—were you to entreat her to marry your blind and solitary son, and she in pity answered Yes,—would I accept her on such terms, and rivet the chains she had consented to assume? Oh mother, mother, I have not studied you in vain; your life has been one long self-sacrifice to me; its silent teaching shall bear fruit! Do not grieve so bitterly for me. God was very merciful in giving me such a mother; let us trust him for the future!"

Ah, poor tortured heart, speaking so bravely forth, striving to cheer the mother's failing spirit, when all to him was dark, dark, dark!

She raised herself upon her pillow, and wound her weak arms about his neck, and listened to the expressions of ineffable love, and faith and consolation, which her son found strength to utter, to sustain her soul. Yea, in that hour her recompense had begun; in loneliness, in secret tears, with Christian patience and endeavor, with an exalted and faithful spirit, had she sown; and in death she reaped her high reward.

They had been silent for some minutes, and she lay back exhausted, and composed, while he sat beside her, holding her hand in his, fancying she slept, and anxiously listening to her breathing, which seemed more than usually oppressed. A rustling was heard amid the flowers at the window, and a bright young face looked in.

"Hush!" said Edward, recognizing the step, "Hush, Mary, she is asleep!"

The color and the smile alike passed from Mary's face when she glided into the room, "Oh, Edward, Edward, she is not asleep, she is very, very ill."

"Mary! darling Mary!" said the dying lady, with difficulty rousing herself; "I have had such a pleasant dream: but I have slept too long. It is night. Let them bring candles. Edward, I cannot see you now."

Night, and the sun so brightly shining! The shadows of the grave were stealing fast upon her.

Other steps now sounded in the room, and many faces gathered round the couch; but the blind man heard nothing—was conscious of nothing, save the painful labored respiration, the tremulous hand that fluttered in his own, the broken sentences.

"Edward, my dearest, take comfort. I have hope. God is indeed merciful."

"Oh, Edward, do not grieve so sadly! It breaks my heart to see you cry. For *her* sake be calm—for my sake, too!" Mary knelt down beside him, and endeavored to soothe

the voiceless anguish which it terrified her to witness.

Another interval, when no sound broke the stillness that prevailed; and again Mrs. Owen opened her eyes, and saw Mary kneeling by Edward's side. They were associated with the previous current of her thoughts, and a smile lighted up her face.

"As I wished, as I prayed, to die! My children both. Kiss me, Mary, my blessing, my consoler! Edward, nearer, nearer! Child of so many hopes and prayers—all answered now!" And with her bright vision unalloyed, her rejoicing soul took wing, and knew sorrow and tears no more.

Four months had passed since Mrs. Owen's death, and her son was still staying at Woodlands, the residence of Mary's father, Colonel Parker, at about two miles' distance from Edward Owen's solitary home; hither had he been prevailed upon to remove, after the first shock of his grief had subsided.

Colonel and Mrs. Parker were kind-hearted people, and the peculiar situation of Edward Owen appealed to their best feelings, so they made no opposition to their children devoting themselves unceasingly to him, and striving by every innocent device, to render his affliction less poignant and oppressive. But kind as all the family were, still all the family were as nothing compared to Mary, who was always anxious to accompany him in his walks, seemed jealous of her privilege as his favorite reader, and claimed to be his silent watchful companion, when, too sad even to take an interest in what she read, he leaned back wearily in his chair, and felt the soothing influence of her presence. As time wore on, and some of his old pursuits resumed their attractions for him, she used to listen for hours as he played upon the piano. She would sit near him with her work, proposing subjects for his

skill, as her old custom had been; or she would beg him to give her a lesson in executing a difficult passage, and render it with due feeling and expression. In the same way, in their readings, which gradually were carried on with more regularity and interest, she appeared to look upon herself as the person obliged, appealed to his judgment, and deferred to his opinion, without any consciousness of the fatigue she underwent, or the service she was rendering.

One day, as they were sitting in the library, after she had been for some time pursuing her self-imposed task, and Edward, fearing she would be tired, had repeatedly entreated her to desist, she answered gayly:

"Let me alone, Edward! It is so pleasant to go through a book with you; you make such nice reflections, and point out all the finest passages, and explain the difficult parts so clearly, that it does me more good than a dozen readings by myself. I shall grow quite clever now we have begun our literary studies."

"Dear Mary, say rather, ended; for you know this cannot always go on so. I must return to my own house next week; I have trespassed on your father's hospitality, indulgence, and forbearance too long."

"Leave us, Edward!" and the color deepened in her cheeks, and tears stood in her bright eyes. "Not yet!"

"Not yet? The day would still come, dearest, delay it as I might, and is it manful thus to shrink from what must and ought to be? I have to begin life in earnest, and if I falter at the onset, what will be the result? I have arranged everything: Mr. Glen has a cousin, an usher in a school, who wishes for retirement and country air. I have engaged him to live with me as companion and reader. Next week he comes; and then, Mary, farewell to Woodlands!"

"No, not farewell, for you must

come here very often; and I must read to you still, and you must teach me still, and tell me in your own noble thoughts and beautiful language of better and higher things than I once used to care for. And then our walks—oh, Edward, we must continue to see the sunset from the cliffs, sometimes, together. You first taught me how beautiful it was. I told you of the tints upon the sky and upon the sea, and upon the boats with their glistening sails, and you set the view before me in all its harmony and loveliness, brought it home to my heart, and made me feel how cold and insensible I had been before."

"Ah, Mary," said Edward mournfully, "near you, I am no longer blind!"

The book she had been reading fell unheeded on the ground, she trembled, her color went and came, as she laid her hand timidly on his arm; indescribable tenderness, reverence, and compassion were busy within her soul.

"Edward, you will not change in anything towards us; this new companion need not estrange you from your oldest and dearest friends—your mother's friends! Let me always be your pupil, your friend, your—sister!"

"Ah! my little sister. Sister above all. Best and sweetest title—say it again, Mary, say it again!" and seizing her hand he kissed it passionately, and held it for a moment within his own. Then as suddenly relinquishing it, he continued in an altered tone, "My sister and my friend, until another comes to claim a higher privilege, and Mary shall be forever lost to me!"

She drew back, and a few inaudible words died away upon her lips; he could not see her appealing tearful eyes. Mistaking the cause of her reserve, he made a strong effort to regain composure.

"Do you remember when you were a child, Mary, how ambitiously romantic you used to be, and how

you were determined to become a duchess at least?"

"And how you used to tease me, by saying you would only come to my castle disguised as a wandering minstrel, and would never sit at the board between me and the duke, Edward? Yes, I remember it all very well, foolish children that we were! But *I* at least know better now; I am not ambitious in that way any longer."

"In that way? In what direction then do your aspirations tend?"

"To be loved," said Mary fervently; "to be loved, Edward, with all the trust and devotedness of which a noble nature is susceptible—to know that the heart on which I lean has no thought save for me—to be certain that, with all my faults and waywardness, I am loved for myself alone, not for—for any little charm of face which people may attribute to me."

Edward rose abruptly, and walked up and down the room, which, from his long stay in the house, had become familiar to him. "Mary," he resumed, stopping as he drew near her, "you do yourself injustice. The face you set so little store by, *must* be beautiful, as the index of your soul; I have pictured you so often to myself; I have coveted the blessing of sight, were it only for an instant, that I might gaze upon you! The dim form of my mother, as I last beheld her in my infancy, floats before me when I think of you, encircled with a halo of heavenly light which I fancy to be your attribute, and a radiance hovers round your golden tresses such as gladdens our hearts in sunshine."

"Ah, Edward, it is better you cannot see me as I am. You would not love—I mean you would not think of me—so much!"

"If I could but see you for a moment as you will look at the party to-night, I fancy I should never repine again."

"The party to-night! I had quite

forgotten it; I wish mamma would not insist upon my going. I do not care for these things any longer;—you will be left alone, Edward, and that seems so heartless and unkind!"

"Mary," said one of her sisters, opening the library door, "look at these beautiful hot-house flowers which have arrived here for us. Come, Edward, come and see them too."

They were so accustomed to treat him as one of themselves, and were so used to his aptitude in many ways, that they often did not appear to remember he was blind.

The flowers were rare and beautiful, and yet no donor's name accompanied the gift. Suddenly one of the girls cried out laughingly, "I have guessed, I have guessed. It is Edward! He has heard us talking about this ball, and must have ordered them on purpose for us. Kind, good Edward!" and they were loud in their expressions of delight; all except Mary, who kept silently aloof.

"Mary does not like her flowers?" said Edward inquiringly, turning in the direction where she stood.

"No," she replied sorrowfully, "it is the ball that I do not like, nor your thinking about decking us out for it. As if I cared to go."

"Look at these lovely roses," said the eldest sister as they were selecting what each should wear; "would not Mary look well with a wreath of these roses in her hair?"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Edward eagerly, "and let me weave it for her! You know, Mary, it is one of my accomplishments; you were proud of my garlands when you were a little girl. Will you trust my fingers for the task?"

"If you really wish it, if it does not seem too trifling, yes," said Mary gently, with a troubled expression upon her brow usually so serene, as she moved reluctantly away. "But it must appear such mockery to you, poor Edward!" and then, without

waiting for a reply, she hurried to her room, and did not show herself again until the family assembled for dinner; while Edward, seated between the sisters, who were in great delight in their anticipation of the evening's amusements, silently be-took himself to his task.

Early after dinner, the large old-fashioned drawing-room at Woodlands was deserted; the momentous business of the toilet had to be gone through, and then a drive of five miles accomplished, before Mrs. Parker and her three fair daughters could find themselves at the party. Edward was the only occupant of the room; seated at the piano, on which his fingers idly strayed, he now and then struck chords of deep melancholy, or broke into passages of plaintive sadness.

"Alone, alone! How the silence of this room strikes upon my heart; how long this evening will be without her voice, without her footstep! And yet this is what awaits me, what is inevitably drawing near. Next week I leave the roof under which she dwells; I shall not hear her singing as she runs down stairs in the morning; I shall not have her constantly at my side, asking me, with her sweet childlike earnestness, to teach her to repeat poetry, or to give expression to her music. The welcome rustle of her dress, the melody of her laugh, will soon become rare sounds to me! Within, around, beyond, all is dark, hopeless, solitary. Life stretches itself wearily before me, blind and desolate as I am! Mother, mother, well might your sweet spirit shrink when you contemplated this for your miserable son! How strange those last words! I thought of them to-day, while I made her wreath of roses, and when her sisters told me of the numbers who flock around her. Every flower brought its warning and its sting!"

"Edward, have I not made haste? I wished to keep you company for a little while, before we set out. You

must be so sad! Your playing told me you were sad, Edward."

She was standing by him in all the pride of her youth and loveliness; her white dress falling in a cloud-like drapery around her graceful form, her sunny hair sweeping her shoulders, and the wreath surmounting a brow on which innocence and truth were impressed by Nature's hand.

The sense of her beauty, of an exquisite harmony about her, was clearly perceptible to the blind man; he reverently touched the flowing robe, and placed his hands upon the flowery wreath.

"Will you think of me, dearest, to-night? You will carry with you something to remind you of me. When you are courted, worshipped, envied, and hear on every side praises of your beauty, give a passing thought to Edward who lent his help to its adornment."

"Edward, how can you speak so mockingly! You know that in saying this you render me most miserable."

"Miserable! With roses blooming on your brow, and hope exulting in your heart; when life smiles so brightly on you, and angels seem to hover round your path!"

He spoke in a manner that was unusual to him; she leaned thoughtfully against the piano, and, as if unconscious of what she was doing, disengaged the garland from her hair.

"These poor flowers have no bloom, and this bright life of mine, as you think it, has no enjoyment when I think of you, sad, alone, unhappy, returning to your desolate home, Edward."

"Dearest," he returned, inexpressibly moved, "do not grieve for me. Remember, my mother left her blessing there!"

"Was it only for you, Edward?"

There is a moment's silence; he covers his face with his hands, his lofty self-denying spirit wrestles with

himself: when gently the wreath is laid upon his knee, her arm is passed around his neck, her head with its glory of golden locks is bowed upon his breast.

"Oh, Edward, take the wreath, and with it take myself if I deserve it! Tell me that you are not angry, that you do not despise me for this; I have been so unhappy, I have so long wished to speak to you."

"Mary, Mary, forbear! You try me beyond my strength; you are dearer to me than language can express, but you must not throw yourself away."

"Mary!" he cries wildly, "remember, I am blind, blind!"

"Not blind near me; not blind for me. Here, Edward, here my resting-place is found; nothing but death shall separate me from you. I am yours, your friend, your consolers, your wife. Oh, tell me you are glad."

Glad! His previous resolutions, his determination to owe nothing to her pitying love, all faded in the unequalled happiness of that hour, nor ever returned to cloud the life which Mary's devotion rendered henceforth blessed.

This is no fiction, reader, no exaggerated

picture; some, who peruse this, will testify out of the depths of their hearts how, in respect and admiration, they have watched Mary fulfilling the promise of her beautiful sympathy and love. She has never wavered in the path she chose to tread; she has never cast one lingering look at all she resigned in giving herself to him. Joyous, tender, happy, devoted, she has seemed always to regard her husband as the source of all her happiness; and, when the music of children's voices has been heard within their dwelling, not even her motherly love for those dear faces whose sparkling eyes could meet and return her gaze, has ever been known to defraud their father of a thought, or a smile, or the lightest portion of her accustomed care.

No, dear Mary! Years have passed since she laid her wreath on his knee; the roses, so carefully preserved, have long withered; but the truth and love which accompanied the gift, are fresh and bright as then: rendering her, as her proud husband says, almost equal even while on earth, to those angels among whom, in heaven, he shall see her—SEE her, at last, no longer blind!

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPES.

ARTICLE V.

THE DONATION OF THE COUNTESS MATILDA.

THE history of the Church is teeming with narratives of the many heroes who have arisen to defend her rights by the sword, by their eloquence, and by their worldly influence, and who have contributed to her patrimony by their generous openhanded donations. Our hearts swell with an indescribable emotion as we read of the Pepins, the Charlemagnes, the Ottos, and the St.

Henrys, who regarded it their greatest glory to draw their swords in defence of the Church, and who felt that in bestowing their wealth upon her they made the Lord their debtor. In our admiration of these giants of heroism and generosity, it is our delight to go back to the days of Juda, and compare them with the heroes of the Chosen People, with Joshua, and Gedeon, and the sainted

kings of Israel. Perhaps our comparisons might not bear the tests of a rigid criticism in every particular, inasmuch as we can find a discrepancy existing in some details, now to the disadvantage of the proximate term, and again, to that of the remote. But there is one particular, which will bear us out in our comparison. The heroes of the Old Law loved the Church of God which existed in figures, and the heroes of the New Law loved her as a reality, with a strong and manly love. In reading the history of the Church of the Old Law, a heroine rises up before our eyes in the person of the holy and brave Judith. Is our inclination to institute comparisons intemperate, if we refer the reader to the eleventh century in the history of God's Church, and ask him to contemplate the life and character of a Judith in the New Law, the Countess Matilda? The mission of Judith of Bethulia, among the Jewish people, was one of those extraordinary dispensations of Divine Providence, which necessarily bring with them special and miraculous interpositions from above. That of the Countess Matilda may be said to be a special dispensation of Providence, for the particular wants of the Church in those days, though in the accomplishment of her mission, she seems only to have used the means which were naturally at her disposal. But in doing so she displayed a courage and fortitude coupled with a strong affection for the Holy See, which justly entitle her to be ranked among the champions of the Church. In this she is not unlike Judith. She slew no Holofernes, but she devoted her life and means to the protection of the five Roman Pontiffs, who reigned in her time, and who were the victims of two proud and tyrannical German emperors, Henry IV and Henry V. But it was her great glory to have been the friend and comforter of the immortal Gregory VII, to whom she was the potent

ally, in the celebrated "war of the investitures," which that saint waged against the Emperor Henry IV. As a benefactress of the Holy See, in point of temporal donations, she is placed side by side with Pepin and Charlemagne, by many contemporary and subsequent authors. We are far from disputing the honorable place assigned to her, for in her devotion to the Holy See, and in her desire to advance its cause in every possible way, her merit is indisputably great. Her own chaplain, Donnizo, who wrote her life in Latin verse, has the following lines on the donation which she made to Gregory VII.

"Propria Clavigero sua subdidit omnia Petro,
Janitor est cæli suus hæres, ipsaque Petri,
Accipiens scriptum de cunctis Papa benignus."

(She gave all her possessions to him who carrieth the keys, Peter. The Janitor of heaven is her heir, and she of Peter, while a blessed Pope receives the document for all.) To determine, therefore, the extent of Matilda's donation is the purpose of this paper. The question is more important than it would seem at first sight. Some authors assert that she gave nothing to the Holy See but a few isolated, allodial lands, scattered here and there in the Romagna, in Tuscany, and in the neighborhood of Ferrara; that she never possessed any territory over which she exercised sovereign and absolute authority, and hence, her donation of "Tuscany and Lyguria," as Peter the Deacon writes, was simply null, because "Nemo dat quod non habet."

Mr. Hare, in his *Walks in Rome*, unhesitatingly calls her the "Foundress of the Temporal Power of the Popes;" though on what authority we are at a loss even to conjecture. It is merely a guide-book assertion, and as such would merit no other refutation than a gratuitous negation. The Temporal Power was in a flourishing condition long years before the donation of Matilda, and continued to exist for centuries after the

territories of Matilda had been absorbed by the rising Duchies of Northern Italy. We will endeavor to reduce our examination of the donation of Matilda to two simple questions. What was comprised in the donation? What became of it afterwards? Petrus Diaconus writes, "Anno autem Incarnationis 1077, Mathilda, Comitissa Liguriæ et Tusciæ, iram Imperatoris Henrici sibi infesti metuens, Liguriam et Tusciam provincias Gregorio Papæ et Sanctæ Rom. Ecclesiæ devotissime obtulit." (In the year of Incarnation 1077, Matilda, Countess of Liguria and Tuscany, fearing the wrath of the Emperor Henry, who was hostile to her, devoutly bestowed the provinces of Liguria and Tuscany upon Pope Gregory and the Holy Roman Church.) This donation was made in the Castle of Canossa, whither the Countess had fled from her persecutor Henry, and in which she offered an asylum to Pope Gregory VII. Whether it was the work of the emperor, or simply a misfortune, history does not say; but the diploma disappeared from the archives of Canossa, and hence we find her renewing the donation twenty-five years after, to Pope Paschal II. Here is a translation of the diploma as it reads in the Codex Diplomaticus of Father Theiner, who transcribed it from the Codex of Cencius Camerarius:

"Charter of the donation of the Countess Matilda, made to Pope St. Gregory VII, and renewed to Pope Paschal II. In the name of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, in the year MCII, from the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, on the 14th day before the calends of December. In the tenth declaration, in the time of our Lord, Pope Gregory VII, in the Lateran Palace, in the Chapel of the Holy Cross, in the presence of Centius Frangiapane, Gratian Centius Franculinus and Albericus de Petro Leone, and his brother Berincassa, of Hubert of

Tuscany, and many others. I, Matilda, Countess by the grace of God, for the weal of my soul and of my parents, did give to and bestow upon the Church of St. Peter, through the intervention of the Lord Pope Gregory VII, all my absolute possessions, as well all that I had owned previously as those which I would afterwards acquire, whether they belonged to me by right of succession or by any other right whatsoever; all that I possessed on this side of the mountains, as well as on the other side, as has been said, I gave and bestowed upon the Roman Church, by the hand of my Lord, Pope Gregory VII, and I begged that a charter should then be drawn up, but because the charter nowhere appears, and I fear lest my donation and offering be called into question, therefore, I, Countess Matilda, as above, from the present day, again donate and offer to the same Roman Church, by the hand of Cardinal Bernardus, Legate of the same Roman Church, as I gave at that time by the hand of the Lord Pope Gregory VII, all my possessions, as well those which I now have, as those which, God being propitious, I may acquire, as well what I have on the other side of the mountains as on this, together with what, God being propitious, I may acquire, by any right whatever, for the reward and welfare of my own soul, and of my parents, etc., etc. Done at Canossa. Matilda, by the grace of God, as in this charter, made by me, S.S. (Signed), ✠ I, Adderick the Judge was present, and did subscribe . . . I, Guido, Notary of the Palace, the writer of this charter of donation, after receiving it, did complete and consign it."

To establish what were the possessions of Matilda, which she gave unreservedly to the Church, we must go back to the days of her great-grandfather Atto, or Azzo. The chronicles of the tenth century, speaking of the coronation of Otto

the Great, by John XII (962), narrate that he bestowed several cities upon Atto, a powerful lord of Tuscany, who built the impregnable Castle of Canossa. Donnizo writes:

"Muneribus magnis Attonem ditat et altis,
Cui nonnullos comitatus contulit ultro."

(With great and precious gifts he enriches Atto, to whom he freely gave several signories.) Atto was succeeded by Thedaldus,

"Qui post Attonem servavit honorem,
Amplificaris terras proprias divis nimis extans,
Regibus existit carus notissimus illis,
Romanus Papa quem sincere peramabat,
Et sibi concessit quod ei Ferraria servit."

(Who, after Atto, preserved his honor, extending his lands and growing exceeding rich; to those kings he was dear and well known. The Roman Pope (John XIII, 985) made a grant, that Ferrara should serve him.) This grant did not make Thedaldus the absolute lord of Ferrara, but simply constituted him its usufructuary, while the supreme dominion was exercised by the Holy See. Thedaldus died, leaving as his sole heir Bonifacius, whom the chronicles style as "Marquis of Tuscany." He received that title, together with the province of Tuscany, as a sort of a dependent fief from the Emperor, Conrad Salicus. Wipponarrates that, "Quemadmodum Raynerius, Tuciae Marchio, Imperatoris, Conrado Salico parere noliut, quare post annum 1027, Raynerii loco Bonifacius Marchio invenitur." (When Raynerius, the Marquis of Tuscany, refused to obey the Emperor, Salicus; hence, after the year 1027, the Marquis Bonifacius is found in his place.) The Marquis Bonifacius had for his second wife, Beatrice, the daughter of Frederick, Duke of Lorraine, from whom she received, as a dowry, the four cities of Parma, Mutina, Reggio, and Mantua, with the circumjacent provinces of which they were the capitals, together with some villas and towns on the other side of the Alps. The Countess Matilda was born of this marriage, and, on the death of

her parents, succeeded to the dowry of her mother, Beatrice, and all the lands possessed by her father, either by an absolute right, or by tenure from the Emperors. To avoid confusion then, we would distinguish (though the charter of donation is in general terms) between her allodial possessions, and what has since been called feudal possessions, though, strictly speaking, feuds or fiefs had not as yet begun to exist. Her allodial lands comprised the four cities mentioned, with the surrounding districts, the villas and towns on the other side of the Alps, and a number of isolated castles, fortresses, and domains, scattered here and there in the provinces, especially in that of Ferrara, in which she possessed a number of towns, though the *dominium altum* was held by the Roman Pontiffs. She was also mistress of Tuscany and Liguria, but in this capacity she was dependent upon the Emperors of Germany. Notwithstanding this, she makes no distinction whatever in the charter, her words being: "*Omni bona mea jure proprietario, tam quæ tunc habueram, quam ea quæ in antea acquisitura eram, sine jure successionis, sine alio quocumque jure.*" (All my possessions by absolute right, as well those which I owned in the past, as those which I will acquire in the future, by any right whatever.) These words undoubtedly imply, that she not only made a grant of her allodial possessions, but also of all other territories, lands, towns, castles, which she possessed, "by any right whatever." Therefore, the territory of Tuscany and Liguria, which she held as a sort of tenure from the Emperors, was comprised in her donation, and hence, we may justly conclude, that she was absolute mistress of those two provinces, and that they could not have been feudal lands. On the other hand, if she were not absolute mistress of all, but only a feudatory of Henry IV, the war which the latter waged against her, the siege of

Mantua, which lasted for three years, and in which he was finally defeated by the Countess, and several other facts, which suppose that she exercised a sovereign authority, become inexplicable. This is the principal objection raised by modern critics against the donation of the Countess Matilda. But the party spirit which prompts the objection, utterly ignores the existence of another nation, whose origin is founded in a donation precisely similar to that of the Countess Matilda. We speak of Savoy. It is an historical fact, that the royal house of Savoy had its origin in the will of Adelaide, the Marchioness of Susa and Turin, who married Otho of Savoy. The territories which surrounded Turin and Susa were subject to Adelaide, in precisely the same manner as Tuscany and Liguria were under the jurisdiction of Matilda; and it was only by a concession in the last will and testament of Adelaide, that Turin and Susa, with the surrounding territory, passed to the house of Savoy. Yet no one has ever questioned the legitimacy of the house of Savoy in keeping possession of both territories, even against Henry himself, who, after the death of Adelaide, tried by force of arms to make himself master of the patrimony of Adelaide. To these considerations we may add the authority of Orsi, who frankly affirms, that Matilda could bestow all her possessions, be they hereditary or not, because she had no fief which was subordinate to the Emperors. The German historian Barre, an authority certainly above suspicion in this question, says that the Italian lords were as so many sovereigns, and that they had the unlimited faculty of selling or donating their possessions according to their own good will and pleasure. He would subjoin one more consideration in defence of the justice of the unqualified donation of Matilda, and it is this. The donation was made to a Pontiff whose whole pontificate was one protracted

struggle in the defence of justice and right. His last words were: "I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile." Is it possible that he would have accepted a donation in which the right of any individual would suffer? No one better than he could define what the rights of sovereigns were in those days, and no one was more willing to do so. For a proof of this, we have only to read the history of the "war of investitures." The very fact then of his accepting the donation, is an evidence of its justice. Hence we conclude with Peter the Deacon: "Tussiam et Liguriam provincias Gregoria Papæ, et Sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ devotissime obtulit"—she devoutly bestowed the provinces of Tuscany and Liguria upon Pope Gregory and the Holy Roman Church. As is to be supposed, and as subsequent events prove, the donation would only take effect after her death. While she lived, she continued to exercise sovereign authority in Tuscany and Liguria, and over the four cities which she had received from her mother *jure hæreditario*. It may be objected that, notwithstanding the unlimited and unqualified grant which she made of all her possessions to the Holy See, she continued afterwards to make presents of lands to different monasteries throughout Italy. But the very formula of bestowal which she used only confirms the donation already made to the Roman Church. The charter of donation always contained this clause of reservation, "*In potestate Romanæ Ecclesiæ sicut olim concessi et dedi*" (in the power of the Roman Church, as I have already granted and given). And another formula is worded thus, "Sub jujum S. Petri, cujus est proprietas" (under the yoke of St. Peter, whose property it is). Such was the donation of Matilda, and the fault was not hers, that the Popes did not become the sovereigns of all Italy. For, what with the donations of

Pepin and Charlemagne, and the addition of Tuscany and Liguria, but little else of Italy was left. We may now pass to an examination of the second question, What became of the donation of Matilda? Why did not the Roman Pontiffs, on her death (1115), begin to exercise sovereign authority in their newly acquired dominions? Glancing over the history of the next two centuries, we encounter a few isolated examples of Pontifical authority over the provinces of Matilda; but if we except Ferrara, which was originally a Papal province, and which was only granted temporarily to Thedaldus, and the cities of Parma and Piasenza, the other cities passed out of their hands and became, either the capitals of independent little principalities, or were absorbed in some one or other of the duchies which sprang into existence in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. After the death of Matilda, Henry IV, who seemed only to wait for that event that he might ravage Italy, once more descended upon the peninsula, and not only seized all the cities which were subject to Matilda, but also invaded the territory of the Church, and annexed Ravenna and the marks of Ancona. Then followed the schism, and the rebellion of the cities of Lombardy against the tyranny of Henry. He was succeeded on his death by his son Henry V, who gave the Church a short period of repose. During this time we read of Honorius II, the immediate successor of Paschal II, to whom Matilda had made the second donation, granting the investiture of Matilda's territories to Lothaire II and Rigetta, on condition that he would pay a tribute to St. Peter of one hundred pounds of silver yearly, and that on his death, they would revert to the Holy See. Henry V, inheriting to the full the rapacious spirit of his father, began to overrun the northern provinces of Italy, and especially the dominion of Matilda. He afterwards

made peace with Pope Honorius, and swore to restore all the provinces of the Church which he had usurped: "The possessions and wealth of St. Peter, which, from the beginning of the struggle down to the present day, either in the time of my father, and also lately, have been taken away, what I hold of them, I restore to the Roman Church; what I do not, I will faithfully aid in restoring." He *did* restore what he held, but that was very little, only a few towns in the province of Ferrara. All the rest had passed out of his possession. In the struggle which ensued, after the death of Matilda, between the Empire and the Church, many of the northern cities asserted their own independence, and the four cities of Reggio, Mutina, Parma, and Mantua followed their example. Before the year 1245, we read of Innocent III granting the investiture of the city and province of Mantua to the bishop of that city. The time between the years 1245, and 1273 is called by German historians the "fatal interregnum."

Frederic II, son of Henry V, had been deposed by Innocent IV in the Council of Lyons, and Rudolph, the progenitor of the royal house of Hapsburg, was crowned as "King of the Romans." During the interregnum, Mantua became an independent principality, and elected Pinamons Bonacossius as its ruler. Mutina, after passing through a long series of intestine quarrels, chose a ruler in 1288. In 1290 Reggio elected the Marquis Opizzo, and of Parma we hear nothing definite until the year 1303, when it appears in history as a duchy, with Gisbert Corregiensis as its duke. There were epochs, before and after these events, when the Popes might have vindicated their rights, and reduced these cities, especially when, during the interregna of the empire, they exercised supreme authority, in the capacity of regents, who represented the imperial authority in Italy. But

although they displayed the greatest zeal in defending the interests of the empire, yet they never made an effort to recover one of the four cities mentioned, after they had declared their independence. Not to speak of the power which was vested in them during the vacancies in the empire, and of which we have an example in the pastoral letter of Clement V, "*Nos, tam ex superioritate, quam ad Imperium non est dubium nos habere, quam ex potestate, in qua vacante Imperio succedimus*" (we, as well by the superiority which there is no doubt we have over the empire, as by the power, to which we succeeded when the empire becomes vacant); their own power as temporal sovereigns would have been sufficient to stifle every insurrection in the provincial cities and bring them into subjection. This inactivity of the Holy See is attributable to that yielding spirit, which the Church has always manifested in temporal matters, and which is embodied in the words of Pius IX, pronounced a year ago: "*Ecclesia aliena jura non appetit, sed potius quæ sua sunt relinquit*"—the Church does not covet the rights of others, but rather relinquishes her own.

In saying that the cities and provinces comprised in the donation of Matilda passed out of the hands of the Popes, we made an exception of Parma and Piacenza. We have already seen that Parma elected its own duke in 1303. But in the history of the Duchy of Milan, we find mention made, after the year 1395, of Parma and Piacenza, now as belonging to the Holy See, now as being subject to the Duke of Milan, while later on, they are contended for by the French. Previous to the arrival of Ludwig of Bavaria in Italy, the city of Milan professed allegiance, during the vacancies in the empire, to the Popes of Rome. It was then that it became subject to the Viscounts of Milan, as of old. In the

year 1395, John Gallatius, surnamed the "Virtuous Count," bought from Wenceslaus, the ignoble son of Charles IV, the title of duke, for several thousand florins. In the following year he received from the same prince, a gift of the Duchy of Pavia, with several other cities, and among these, Parma and Piacenza, which in former times had been Papal cities. This was the origin of the Duchy of Milan. In the beginning of the fifteenth century, Sforza, of Milan, obtained the command of the city, which he did not exercise very long, as the city fell into the hands of the French. Pope Julius II then formed an alliance with the Emperor Maximilian, of Germany, and the united forces of the Pope and the Emperor dislodged the French. Maximilian Maria Sforza was named Duke of Milan in 1512, and in the same year the two cities of Parma and Piacenza were ceded to Pope Julius II. On the death of Julius Sforza, seized both cities, but did not keep them long; for after the treaty of 1515, between Leo X and the Emperor, both cities were restored to the Holy See. Thus matters stood until the death of Louis XII of France. One of the first acts of his successor, Francis I, was the invasion of Milan, together with the seizure of the two Papal cities, Parma and Piacenza. Leo X then made a treaty with the Emperor Charles V, and uniting their forces against the French, these were again compelled to abandon Milan, and the Holy See again became the possessor of the two ill-fated cities.

Charles V, in a letter to the Cardinals of the Church, in the time of Clement VII, thus speaks of Parma and Piacenza: "*Parmam et Placentiam a Romani Imperii feudo disjunctas, sedi Romanæ, nullo jure coacti, possidendas restituimus.*" Of our own free will we restore Parma and Piacenza, free from dependence on the Roman Empire, to the possession of the Roman Church.

This was in the year 1527. Afterwards when Pope Clement escaped from the Castle of St. Angelo, he made a promise to cede these two cities and several others to the Emperor, but we do not read of its fulfilment, and hear nothing more of them until the year 1545, when Paul III intrusted the government of them to Petrus Aloysius Farnesius. Farnesius was killed in 1547, and Charles, who in 1535 had been made heir of the Duchy of Milan, by Francis Sforza, annexed Piacenza and Parma, on the ground that they had originally formed an integral part of the Duchy of Milan. When he was on his death-bed he was smitten with remorse for his violation of the rights of the Holy See, and he made his son, Philip II, promise to restore the two cities, which he did. Both cities soon after became independent duchies, which had a flourishing existence down to our own times, when the Cavour movement overthrew them entirely, and now they form a part of United Italy. Upon the ruins of Matilda's donation in Tuscany, the "free cities of Etruria," as they were called, sprang up with astonishing vigor, and after the beginning of the fifteenth century we hear of nothing but wars between the rival cities of Pisa, Lucca, Sienna, and Florence. The latter soon asserted its supremacy over the neighboring cities, and in the time of Leo X and Clement VII, both Popes of the Medici family, the grand dukes of Tuscany became the most powerful lords in the peninsula. The Duchy of Ferrara, which had been established long before, absorbed all that was left of the donation of Matilda in that province. Excepting during the reign of Matilda herself, the donation was never of any use to the Holy See, but on the contrary, was

the cause of continual discord between the Church and the Empire. Indeed it may be said, that the Church never came into actual possession of Matilda's donation, and the nominal possession itself only lasted one hundred and twenty-five years. After the Pontificate of Innocent III, who was a strenuous defender of the temporal domain of the Church, and who insisted on the restoration of Matilda's possessions, no effort was made by any of the Popes to incorporate Tuscany and Liguria with the possessions of the Holy See. It would seem as if providence itself had marked out the extent of Peter's patrimony, when Pepin wrote his diploma, and that beyond those limits it should not be extended, even as it should not be diminished. Matilda's power and wealth rendered eminent services to the Church while she lived to use them; but the strange rapidity with which they dwindled away after her death, and the unusual indifference with which the Popes witnessed the loss of both, confirm us in the conclusion which we established in our first paper, that the first establishment of the temporal power of the Popes was a *providential institution*, just powerful enough to render the vicars of Christ independent in their ministry, and weak enough to preclude too much reliance on human things, supposing that they so far forgot their dependency upon God. The donation of the Countess Matilda added nothing, in the ultimate effect, to the temporal domain of the Church. Its efficiency to aid the Church ceased to be when she died. But her memory still lives, and shall live in the annals of the Church, as that of a generous benefactress, and a Christian heroine.

SEDAINE, THE SCULPTOR.

ONE gloomy morning in the month of November, 1731, two children, one of whom might be about twelve years old and the other eight, were on their way to the Office of the *Diligence*, in the little town of F——. It was not quite winter, but the weather was cold and rough.

"Oh, brother," said the youngest weeping, "what will become of us? Our uncle and our father are both dead; what shall we do?"

"Be comforted, brother," replied the elder boy, whose thoughtful face and eyes full of tears betrayed his sorrow, in spite of the brave resolution which he strove to keep up, "be comforted; you are not quite forsaken; I am with you still."

"Michel, you will die and so shall I," replied Honoré.

In spite of the sorrow that shaded the charming face of the elder boy he could not but smile.

"Do not fear that," he said; "God will not permit what would be such a misfortune to you and our poor mother. He will preserve my life that I may be able to maintain you both."

"No," replied the little one innocently; "but I am quite ready to die, because, you see, brother, if I live, little as I am, I shall only be an expense to you and our mother."

Michel pressed his brother's hand; "Poor Honoré," he said.

A moment afterwards they entered the coach-office.

"Sir," said the elder boy, timidly approaching the grating, behind which an old man was turning over the pages of a register, "can you tell me when the *Diligence* for Paris will arrive?"

"I ought to be able to tell you, my young friend," answered the old man in a rough joking manner.

"Then will you have the kindness to do so," said Michel, hurt as much

by the answer as the manner in which it had been given.

"If the *Diligence* stops on the road," said the man of the register, with an air of importance, "it will not arrive till three o'clock."

"And if it does not stop?" asked Michel.

"Then—ah! that depends; no, my little friend, in any case it will not arrive till three o'clock."

"And what is the fare?" continued Michel, not much pleased with the rude manners of the man with green spectacles.

"That depends, my young friend."

"Well?"

"There is this difference—an inside place is thirty francs, one on the roof twenty."

Michel hesitated a moment.

"Pardon me, sir, if I am mistaken, but you see my brother and I are still very young—and I think that both together we shall not fill more than one place."

"Read the rules, my little friend," replied the clerk, as he gave him the table, upon which was printed; "Children under seven years pay half price."

"You and your brother are more than that," he said.

"Quite true," said Michel, sighing, as he placed his hand upon the packet which contained his small amount of treasure.

"Yes," sighed the little Honoré, looking at his brother, "I am eight years old, and my brother ten."

"Your brother! yes, that is plain enough," said the old man, measuring both the boys with his eyes, "but you—why, if you had told me that you were only six, I should have believed you."

Saying these words the clerk, who felt for the children's difficulty, made a sign to the little one, and continued, "But I lay a wager you are

mistaken, you are not eight years old, are you? You are hardly six. Am I not right?"

"Sir," answered Honoré, with frank candor, "I cannot say I am six. I am eight years old, and, indeed, eight and a half, for I shall be nine on the feast of St. Honoré."

"Well, it is nothing to me if you say you are fifteen," replied the clerk, vexed that the child had not understood his sign.

At this moment several persons entered the office, and Michel, who had timidly retired from the grating, seeing the travellers, after asking the fare, place the amount at once on the table, began to fear that if he did not make haste all the places would be taken.

He therefore went up to the table, plunged his hand into his pocket, and imitating the important tone of the other travellers asked for a place to Paris.

"There is only one outside place remaining, twenty francs," said the coach-master, without raising his eyes, but at the sight of the small hand that offered the money, he looked up and recognized Michel. "For yourself, or your brother?"

"For my brother," replied Michel.

"And you?" asked Honoré and the clerk at the same moment.

Without returning an answer to either of them Michel took the little paper which was given him in return for his money; the roll of wheels was heard, the guard entered, and taking up a large parcel, cried out, "Gentlemen, the *Diligence* for Paris!"

As Michel was going with his brother to the coach, little Honoré could not help saying, "And you, brother!"

"Do not trouble yourself about me, Honoré."

"But I will not go to Paris alone, Michel."

"You will not go alone."

"But how will you go, you have only taken a place for me?"

"That is not your concern, Honoré," he said sweetly. "Only take care when you are up there, not to look down into the street, you might be giddy and fall."

The cry of the guard: "Take your places, gentlemen," interrupted the children's parting words.

Honoré went up the steps of the ladder, and seated himself among the luggage, the guard took his place, the postilion cracked his whip, and the noise of the wheels on the pavement drowned the voice of Honoré as he called out, "And you, Michel?"

The *Diligence* left the town without any one remarking a child who followed it at full speed, endeavoring with all his might to keep up with it.

At last the postilion observed him.

"Ah, little one! what are you about; you do not regard your health then?"

The boy did not answer.

"Perhaps you are wishing to become one of his majesty's couriers?"

At these words Michel raised his eyes, but without relaxing in his wild course. The guard then observed him.

"I see what it is—he wishes to use his legs, which he thinks are too long. Is not that it?"

"If that were the case I think I should have chosen some better method," replied Michel, continuing his course.

The *Diligence* was approaching the place where they changed horses; the pace slackened a little and Michel could take breath. As he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, his first thought was to cast a look at his brother. He hoped by looking at one he so much loved, that he should get fresh strength to carry on his fatiguing journey. He saw him pale, cold, and shivering.

"Are you cold, Honoré?" he said.

A violent chattering of his teeth prevented Honoré from answering. Regardless of the consequence which might ensue, Michel took off his coat, and threw it to his brother.

"Put that on, Honoré, it will warm you."

The travellers had heard the boy's first question with indifference, but all were touched by this act, even the postilion, who regretted his late jokes.

"Poor child!" said a young lady as she called Michel to her.

He approached the coach, which went on more and more slowly, and politely saluted the lady.

"Why did you take off your coat and throw it to that child outside?" asked the lady in a kind voice.

"Madam, that child is my brother," replied Michel.

"And by what chance does it happen that you are making the journey on foot, while your brother is on the coach?"

"It is not by chance but on purpose that I do this," said Michel, smiling.

"It is singular," said the husband of the lady, "but I think I saw this child in the coach-office at F——."

"Yes, he was there," said another traveller, "he took a place for his brother."

"I have seen him running all the way from thence hither," said a fourth.

"Perhaps you were not able to get a place for yourself?" asked the lady.

"Pardon me, madam," he said, conquering his false shame, "I had not money enough to pay for a place."

"And he paid for his brother's?"

"Yes, madam, and seeing his brother shivering with cold he took off his coat to warm him," said the guard, who had got down from his seat to walk the rest of the way.

The first feeling of compassion was followed in the heart of the lady by the thought how she could help him, so she called Michel to her.

"How much would your place cost?"

"Twenty francs, madam, and I have only eighteen."

The look which the lady turned

on her companions was so expressive that every one put his hand into his pocket, and in a moment there were several gold pieces in the lady's hand.

Then she addressed the guard, "Here is the fare, let the boy have a place on the coach."

The guard took the money; as he gave it to Michel he said, "Keep this, it may be useful to you elsewhere. You shall sit on the box at my side, and you need not pay for your place."

"Thank you," said Michel, as he mounted to the seat with a look of great satisfaction, "but permit me to tell you that if you had made me this offer sooner, it would have saved me a great deal of fatigue."

"Do you think then that I should have made you this offer if it had not been for your kindness to your brother?"

"Thanks then to my coat. But if you give me a place gratis, why should I keep the money of these good gentlemen and ladies?"

"You must be very rich if you will not accept these new coins."

"Ah, no!" cried Michel.

The lady had overheard this conversation, and when the dialogue stopped, she put her head out at the window.

"Are you and your brother orphans?" she asked Michel.

"No, thank God! we have still a mother."

"How then does it happen that at your age you are making this journey alone?"

"When my father died two years ago," answered Michel, "our mother being too poor to bring us up, sent us to a brother of hers at F——, who had written to her offering to bear the expense of our education. After many tears and kisses my mother made up her mind to this sad separation, and we went to our uncle's house. But he died a fortnight since. It seemed that he left more debts than could be paid, for his creditors

turned us out just as we are, and would not allow us to carry away a single thing. Luckily I had thirty-eight francs, of which they knew nothing, and with which I paid Honoré's fare."

"Poor children!" was the unanimous cry from the *Diligence*. But being once comfortably seated, and wanting nothing more, the poor children were forgotten by the travellers.

But the guard, who had not been able to give any help with his purse, began to think whether he could aid the boys in any other manner.

"What was your father?" he asked.

"He was an architect," replied Michel.

"And your mother, my little friend?"

"While my father was alive she had no particular occupation. I do not know what she does now."

"What do you mean to do when you get to Paris?"

"I shall do whatever I can to maintain my mother, and educate my little brother."

The guard thought for a minute, then he said: "Listen, I am very intimate with the cousin of the brother of the uncle of an architect's valet, and I will recommend you to him if you like."

"To whom?" said Michel who was lost in the list of relations.

"First to the cousin, who will introduce you to the brother, and he to the uncle, and the uncle to the nephew, who is, as I have told you, valet to M. Buron, and will recommend you to his master, the architect, who may give you employment."

Michel sighed.

"And he will employ me in cutting stone? After having got as far as philosophy in my studies, I am to become a stonecutter! Very well! Be it so," he said resolutely drawing up his head. "Provided I can keep my mother and brother from want, no kind of work shall come amiss."

No sooner said than done. The

guard kept his word. By the aid of the long genealogy given above, Michel was soon employed in a workshop as a stonecutter.

Accustomed to a smooth and quiet life, the poor child needed great self-command to content himself with his new lot. His hands became covered with wounds which bore witness to his sufferings; but he was amply compensated when the day of payment arrived, and happy and proud he could take home to his mother the produce of his week's work. He, however, regretted extremely the forced cessation of his studies, and at the end of four weeks he procured some books, to the study of which he devoted the time which the other stone masons devoted to eating and drinking.

This way of employing his time drew on him the remarks of his companions. They made themselves merry at his expense, calling him the little pedant, the little professor, but when they saw that far from being annoyed at their jokes Michel only devoted himself to his studies with more ardor, they began to feel a degree of respect for a child whose patience and sweetness were unconquerable.

An illness brought on by hard work and study caused a change in his position. One day when M. Buron was overlooking some works, he was struck by the appearance of suffering united with a noble and sweet expression in a young stonecutter. At the workmen's dinner-hour he looked for the interesting child, and not finding him with the others, asked where he was.

"Who? The little savant," said one of the workmen; "he is no doubt seated in some corner not far off, eating his bread while he reads."

"Does not his salary allow him to eat with you?" said M. Buron.

"Oh! his salary," said another, "I do not know what he does with that, but certainly he neither eats nor drinks it."

M. Buron returned to the workshop where he now saw Michel.

The young workman was seated on a stone which served for a stool; before him was a larger stone, upon which was a piece of bread, a glass of water, the works of Horace, a copy-book, pens and ink; he was translating while he ate.

The architect looked at him with emotion.

"What are you doing?" he said at last.

Michel tried in vain to conceal his work. Then he said, "Pardon me, sir, I was trying to translate Horace."

"And it is very well done, on my honor!" said M. Buron, charmed as he read, and crying out with admiration. "Who is your tutor?"

"I have none," said Michel, modestly.

"But," continued the architect more surprised, "your parents must be educated people to have given you such a taste for study. Where is your father?"

"He is dead," said Michel, casting down his eyes.

"What was his name?"

"Sedaine."

"Sedaine!" repeated Buron, "he was a colleague of mine, an architect. How is it that you are among the stonecutters here?"

"I maintain my mother and brother."

"And so young! How old are you, my boy?"

"Fourteen."

The architect took the hand of the young stonecutter. "You must give up your apron and chisel, and be my pupil."

"Oh, sir!" cried the young Sedaine, his eyes sparkling with joy, "Oh, sir! but who will take care of my mother, and my brother while I study?"

"I will," said Buron. "A good son, a good brother cannot but become an estimable man. Come, the past answers for the future."

The only thanks Michel could return were a tear and a respectful kiss on the hand of his new protector. He followed M. Buron, and admitted among his pupils, he afterwards became the partner of his labors.

His renown as an architect did not prevent his continuing to devote himself to science and literature.

Several greatly esteemed dramatic works are proofs of his literary talent.

Jean Michel Sedaine, named a member of the French Academy at the age of sixty, died after a long illness in his seventy-eighth year.

PASSING.

THE lively colors of the spring

Soon, soon decay;

The birds that then so merrily sing

Soon fly away.

The rose that now so fairly blooms

Blooms but to-day;

The flowers that have most sweet perfumes

Have shortest stay.

Earth's greatest joys soonest depart,

Love nought too well,

Lest when it goes a bleeding heart

Thine anguish tell.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE 17th of June, this year, will be memorable not only as the anniversary of the election of our present gloriously reigning Supreme Pontiff, Pius IX, THE GREAT, but also as the day on which another forward step was taken of great importance in the organization of the Church in the United States. On that day two *palliums* were conferred, one upon the Most Rev. John Lamy, Archbishop of Santa Fe, of which we shall have more to say anon; and the other upon the Most Rev. James Frederick Wood, Archbishop of Philadelphia, and metropolitan of the ecclesiastical province of Pennsylvania. Of the importance of this latter event, it is difficult to speak in language which will not seem exaggerated to those who do not realize the wonderful, though silent and by most persons unobserved, growth of the Church in Pennsylvania. Truly, here as elsewhere, the kingdom of Christ has verified the parable of our divine Lord, who likened it to a grain of mustard seed.

At the commencement of the present century there were not more than a dozen priests, and not a single bishop within the whole State of Pennsylvania. In 1808, when the first bishop was appointed, there were but fourteen priests. In 1830, there were not more than thirty; in 1850, there were one hundred and fifty; in 1860, two hundred and sixty-three; and in 1874, five hundred and forty-one. The increase of laity, of churches, convents, asylums, and schools, has kept, we believe, even pace with the increase in the number of priests. This is truly wonderful, and in view of it, the significance of the action of the holy Roman See, and its wisdom in placing under one metropolitan head this portion of the flock of Christ, is manifest.

The ceremonial of conferring the *pallium* upon Archbishop Wood was most impressive. The readers of the RECORD are doubtless familiar with its details, as they have been published in full in the *Catholic Standard*, and in other papers, Catholic and non-Catholic. We will therefore merely say that, as regards exact observance of the ritual of the Church, the number of distinguished prelates and very reverend and reverend clergy present, and all the external details of the ceremony, it was one of the most splendid and impressive, as in its spiritual significance it was one of the most solemn religious acts which has ever taken place in the United States.

IN one of our city dailies, a statement ap-

peared that at a recent trial it transpired, that both the parties to the trial and the witnesses had all been married and divorced. Commenting upon this, the editor suggested that Moody and Sankey should be requested to return to this country, with a view to preventing by their preaching the increasing disregard of the sanctity of the marriage tie.

The ideas of the writer are certainly strangely confused. They strike us as on a par with that of endeavoring to prevent dishonesty by preaching that stealing is no sin. Moody and Sankey are Protestants, and Protestantism denies that marriage is a sacrament. It makes it, in the end, nothing more or less than a contract, a bargain between a man and a woman. Inculcating this principle, it ignores and virtually denies the sanctity and indissolubility of the marriage relation; and where this is denied all the ranting of Moody and Sankey, and all the harangues of their less vulgar but not less inconsistent brother Protestant ministers will not prevent divorces and violation of the obligations of the marriage relation under other forms.

THE evidences of a salutary reaction against the tyranny and impiety of Liberalism are showing themselves more clearly. The general disapproval and indignation elicited by the suggestions of the German Minister at London, that England should pattern after Germany in her treatment of Catholics, is one proof. Others crop out in the sharp criticisms of the secular papers upon the brutalities of the German legislation. Recently the *Pall Mall Gazette* exposed the false pleas and specious pretexts of the authors of that legislation, and showed that its main design was to "destroy the Catholic religion," and the *London Post*, commenting upon the same subject, said: "No doubt England is very Protestant, but it can have no sympathy with a nation that seeks to promote Protestantism by violence and the repression of liberty. . . England does not approve of modern German policy and action;" and "while German policy, political and religious, is what it is, England can have neither sympathy nor alliance with Germany."

THE "St. Cecilia Society" has been lately established among the German Catholics with the view of introducing into churches the music of Palestrina and other composers. This music is not so monotonous as the Gregorian is considered to be, while it is

founded on it, and is religious and devotional in tone. Gregorian music requires really as much study and practice as the more florid kinds, but this study is not given to it in this country. Consequently, what is often called "Gregorian," is only "sing-song." The proper execution of the music of Handel, Haydn, and the other great composers, is beyond the ability of most choirs, and besides, is considered too florid by many persons. The proposed reform in church music is welcomed by most judges of harmony. A journal called the *St. Cecilia*, devoted to this reform, is published monthly in English and German at Dayton, Ohio.

THE education question forms the subject of conflict in France as elsewhere. Recently, the Liberals showed very plainly what their ideas of liberty were, and how much of freedom they were willing to allow to those who differed from them. In a discussion of a project for Universities and Colleges, they were willing to allow municipalities and secular corporations to found and endow universities and educational institutions. But when an amendment was proposed allowing religious corporations and Catholic Bishops to exercise the same rights, the Liberalists strenuously, though unsuccessfully, opposed it. In other words, the Liberalists were willing that all possible opportunities should be furnished for children obtaining a secular education without religion, but were opposed to even permitting similar opportunities to be provided by others who were willing to furnish them for educating children both in secular science and religion.

THE sad intelligence reaches us from Ireland that Father Thomas Burke, O.P., is seriously ill. He has been compelled to desist entirely from preaching and lecturing. The exact nature of the disease which is sapping his strength has not been clearly determined. The symptoms are somewhat obscure, but indicate cancer in the stomach. His visit to this country a few years ago and his magnificent lectures will not soon be forgotten. On his return to Ireland he labored there with the same unceasing energy, preaching or lecturing, frequently, several times a week. His fervor and zeal and splendid gifts of oratory caused his services to be there in as constant requisition as they were here. He knew not how to spare himself, and his fine constitution has at last given way under labors too great for human strength to endure.

THE reception of the American riflemen in Ireland has been something extraordinary. The popular enthusiasm has expressed

itself in every possible manner, and the success of the Americans has been hailed with rejoicings. Belfast has equalled, if not exceeded, the Irish capital in its demonstration of welcome and rejoicing.

All this seems to us to have been an indirect mode of expressing disaffection towards England. America is loved in Ireland, because it has afforded a home for thousands of Irishmen, who have found here that prosperity and success which was denied them on their native soil; and also because it affords an instance of successful resistance to British domination. Every cheer raised for America in Ireland means a hiss for England in Ireland, and every welcome to Americans or laudation of our institutions means condemnation of English rule.

THE Queen of England will not reside in Ireland, or even visit the country, save at intervals of a quarter of a century; but let the people of Ireland be consoled, for news comes that the Duke of Connaught (Prince Arthur William Patrick) has purchased Rockingham Castle, in county Sligo, and will soon take up his residence in that fine old mansion. The Prince of Wales is also going to make a tour in India at an expense of \$750,000, in order to astonish the Hindoos, and impress the native mind with an idea of the splendor of British royalty.

There is a considerable dexterity shown in these journeys. If England does not give her dependencies much solid pudding, she at least favors them with show, and what more can a starving Hindoo or evicted Irishman want than to gaze at a fat prince clad in gorgeous raiment?

THE *New York Times* published lately a pretended Papal Bull which, it is said, exists in Sicily, by which pardon is granted for crimes on payment of money, the sums for the forgiveness of each sin being specified. There is no such bull; but there was a bull of composition granted to subjects of the King of Spain, which permitted persons to retain badly acquired possessions, *provided, restitution was impossible*, on devoting a certain sum to pious uses.

This is a very different thing. Nowadays, when men cheat or steal, they keep all, devote no part of their possessions to religion, are never troubled in conscience, and die peacefully in bed, thinking that a few pious aspirations will secure them pardon and a seat in heaven!

THE present season of commencements has again brought up the question of classical education, and what authors are to be

studied in schools. This question was agitated in France thirty years ago, and his present Holiness Pius IX, in sundry Encyclicals and Briefs, both at the commencement of his Pontificate as well as lately, has recommended that St. Augustine and St. Gregory should be studied in connection with Cicero and Virgil, and that the works of St. Athanasius and St. John Chrysostom should be combined with those of Xenophon and Plato. In other words, he recommends that education should be rendered "more Christian."

ON the 17th June, the pallium was conferred on Archbishop Lamy, of Santa Fe, by Bishop Salpointe, Vicar Apostolic of Arizona. The Right Rev. J. P. Macheboeuf, Vicar Apostolic of Colorado, was also present. A peculiarly gratifying feature of the day was the active co-operation of many leading Protestants of Santa Fe in making arrangements for the festivities. Archbishop Lamy has been in Santa Fe for twenty-five years, and has labored unceasingly to improve the condition and ameliorate the manners and morals of the Mexicans. He has founded schools, elevated the character of the priesthood, and done much to advance the material interests of the territory.

THE Festival of Corpus Christi was observed last month in forty-nine London churches and fifty-two country ones, churches belonging to the Protestant establishment!

Over one hundred churches in England have "Confraternities of the Blessed Sacrament," and the members of these confraternities, headed by their pastors, believe in the real presence of Jesus Christ, under the appearance of bread and wine, are not ashamed to profess this belief, and have become convinced of the truth of the doctrine, not by the preaching of Catholic priests, but by their own studies and researches. Say what we may, this is a wonderful act.

THE "religion of gush," as it has been well designated, whose chief preacher is Beecher, whose chief stronghold is Plymouth Church, and whose latest development has been the raising of \$100,000, to reward a man who is suspected by four-fifths of the community of adultery, and only lately has barely escaped conviction by a disagreement of his jury; this religion is discredited: this "religion of gush" can do nothing for the world, and will be "under a cloud" for some time to come, to the advancement of real religion and true morality.

ON the 1st of October last year, it will be remembered, that the bi-centenary of the oldest Episcopal See in America—that of

Quebec—was celebrated. It is now hoped that the Most Rev. E. A. Taschereau, D.D., the Archbishop, may be created a Cardinal; and there seems some probability that this honor will be conferred on him. Hitherto, we believe, a Cardinal has never been appointed in the Colonial dependencies of any nation, but this objection, if it be one, may be overruled.

IN Halifax, Nova Scotia, as in other places, there are people who do not believe in the eternal punishment of the wicked. So, after considerable controversy had taken place with those who professed to believe it, the matter was submitted to—six aldermen! Of all strange methods of deciding a religious controversy, this is certainly the strangest. These Protestants would hoot at the idea of a Council, even an Ecumenical one, yet think that six men ordinarily informed can settle dogmas!

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL has published a card, in which he states that the subject of creating an American cardinal was discussed at Rome in 1851, and considered inopportune, and that Cardinal McCloskey opposed the opportuneness of defining Papal Infallibility in Rome in the Council of the Vatican, yet has been created a cardinal notwithstanding—a striking proof of the freedom of the discussion there.

THE Jubilee exercises of the year seem to have commenced with much spirit. In New Orleans, large processions take place, several thousands of persons visiting the churches in regular order. These manifestations of religion in the Crescent City seem to be received with great respect.

GERMANY'S loss is America's gain. Ninety exiles for conscience sake, priests, students, and sisters, arrived at New York in one day last month from the Fatherland, and were welcomed by the German Catholics of that city. They left for the West, to spread the Catholic faith in that section. In Quincy, Ill., preparations are being made for the reception of two hundred Jesuit fathers from Germany.

IN Catholic countries the reaction displays itself in another form. Lax and worldly Catholics, tainted with the leprosy of Liberalism, are beginning to comprehend that Cæsar now claims to reign in the place of God, and to subject both souls and bodies to his arbitrary will. They are beginning to see that if Cæsar could succeed in this, there would be an end both of religion and of liberty.

IN MEMORIAM.

VERY REV. P. E. MORIARTY, D.D., O.S.A.

As we go to press with this number of the RECORD, the mournful intelligence reaches us of the decease of our venerable and valued contributor, Very Rev. P. E. Moriarty, D.D., O.S.A. To the readers of this magazine, whose pages have been enriched so lavishly by the effusions from his gifted pen, we make this announcement with inexpressible sorrow. Yet with our grief is mingled the strong hope and belief that his departure from earth is to him a happy release from sufferings, often amounting to the most intense agony, yet endured with most exemplary Christian patience and the heroism of a martyr.

Dr. Moriarty was born in the city of Dublin, on the 4th July, 1804, and at an early age evinced a disposition for a religious life. Under the direction of his friend and preceptor, the celebrated Dr. Doyle, his preparatory studies were pursued at Carlow College and at the noviciate of the Augustinian Order at Callan, in his native land.

He was afterwards sent to the Augustinian College in Rome, where, in 1827, he was ordained priest. Shortly afterwards he returned to Ireland, spending several years in Dublin, and, on the elevation to the episcopacy of the Very Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Dr. Moriarty accompanied that prelate to India, where, in the capacity of Vicar-General, he assisted in the management of the Diocese of Madras.

After ten years of zealous and toilsome labor in India, Dr. Moriarty returned to Rome, where, at the personal request of His Holiness Pope Gregory XVI, the title of *Doctor Divinitatis* was conferred upon him by the College of the Propaganda; and as a reward for his signal services to religion and humanity while in India, Dr. Moriarty was at this time proffered episcopal dignities and honors, all of which he declined through a sense of loyalty to his Order.

In 1839 Dr. Moriarty was sent to America, to take charge of the interests of the Augustinian Order in this country, which at that time were represented by a single church, St. Augustine's, in Philadelphia.

Dr. Moriarty's life, since his arrival in Philadelphia, in 1839, is a matter of history, and needs no recounting here. The results of his giant labors in the cause of Catholicity are made manifest in monuments that will endure for ages to come. They are to be found in the Augustinian College at Villanova, of which Dr. Moriarty was the founder, in churches erected, in converts from Protestantism brought into the true fold, in widows and orphans assisted and relieved from want, and in innumerable other acts of charity.

For a number of years the ravages of disease rendered it necessary for Dr. Moriarty to relinquish the more active duties of the priesthood, and to seek rest in the seclusion of the "Hermitage," as he loved to call it, at St. Mary's at Chestnut Hill. A short time ago, when the shadow of approaching dissolution began visibly to impend over him, he removed to Villanova, and there calmly and devoutly employed himself in preparation for a good death, towards which his many and great good works and zealous labors, during a long lifetime, had already done so much. Death did not come to him unexpectedly, so we may also feel sure it came not unprovided. Fortified by all the Sacraments of the Church he calmly met our great enemy on Saturday, July 10th, and at the ripe age of seventy-one passed from time to eternity.

To the readers of the RECORD, as to all who knew Dr. Moriarty, or who, not having enjoyed that privilege, knew of him as he stood in public estimation, it is unnecessary to say that he was endowed with rare intellectual gifts, that he was a life-long student, even

in the midst of labors which would have rendered study an impossibility to most men, that he possessed a memory of such tenacious grasp that nothing that he read in books, or learned from men, or observed in nature, was ever forgotten. He had a rich and fertile imagination, and was a born orator, having as regards voice, delivery, power of expression, extensive knowledge, and ready command both of ideas and words, all the gifts which make up the orator. To these natural gifts were united the zeal of an apostle and the courage of a martyr, joined to a charity which knew no bounds. Nature and divine grace, therefore, combined to qualify him eminently for his labors as a missionary and an evangelist, as well as for the work in which he subsequently engaged, as a lecturer and a writer.

Probably no priest or bishop has ever stood more prominently before the public than Dr. Moriarty. None had more bitter opponents during the time when the fires of the Know-Nothing persecution were raging, yet even then, notwithstanding their bitter hatred, his enemies were constrained to admire his manly Christian courage, his manifest candor, and regard for truth. And now that time has softened those prejudices, and a better acquaintance with the Church has induced a more correct estimation of her priesthood, there is not a man, woman, or child where Dr. Moriarty is known who does not venerate his name and deplore his loss.

He will long be mourned and remembered as a faithful friend, a generous benefactor, a learned and eloquent divine, and a most consistent, devout, and self-sacrificing priest, from the story of whose life will never cease to be drawn lessons of Christian charity, of religious zeal, of patriotic devotion, of heroic courage, and of manly honor.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PRACTICAL MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR ON THE LIFE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. Chiefly intended for the Use of Religious Communities. By the Rev. Fr. Bruno Vercruysse, S. J. The only complete English Translation. Published with the approbation and under the direction of the Author. In two volumes. New York and Cincinnati: Benziger & Bros., Printers to the Holy Apostolic See, 1875. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

Before touching upon the merits of this work, we will add here an extract from the title-page which will more fully exhibit the large amount of devotional matter with which, over and above the Meditations, the work is enriched: "*Several novenas and octaves, meditations for the first Friday of every month and for the days of Communion; Exercises, preparatory to the renewal of the vows, and for a retreat of eight days; A new method of hearing Mass; and practical remarks on the different parts of meditations; A plan of Jerusalem, with a map of Palestine, showing the different localities mentioned throughout the work; and an alphabetical table of contents and of meditations on the*

gospels of the Sundays." The first volume comprises the days and festivals from January to July; the second from July to December, inclusive. The work is published with the approbation of their Eminences, the Cardinal Archbishops of New York and Mechlin, and is handsomely bound in black cloth with burnished red edges. Having devoted this much space to the material qualities of these volumes, it behooves us to say something of their true value, which is the spiritual character of the contents. We say, in all sincerity, that, from what we have seen of the Benzigers' publications, we do not believe they would allow any work to go forth from their press which was not *peculiarly meritorious*; we do not mean by this assertion to draw any invidious comparisons with other Catholic publishers, but simply to say that the Messrs. Benzigers seem to aspire only to the highest order of publications—not, indeed, to a monopoly, but to an exclusiveness in this regard; and these Meditations fully sustain this characteristic of the great Cincinnati house. Then, again, there are on the introductory pages no less than three notes of recommendation from his paternity, the father-general of the Jesuits, and the infallibility of "the Black

Pope," though not *de fide*, like that of the white-robed occupant of the Vatican, is nevertheless a matter of *devotional* credence with a great majority of Catholics. To these recommendations we would presume to suggest two qualities which render these Meditations peculiarly excellent in our own eyes, viz., their brevity in words, but richness in holy suggestion; secondly, the strong vein of practicability which runs through them, the meditative essence of which is, however, so delicately flavored with the tincture of poesy as to render them appetizing to even the thoughtless mind. Neither would we have our readers be frightened with the notice on the title-page: "*Chiefly intended for the use of religious communities*," for there will be found nothing in these books distasteful or unprofitable to the secular or the laic.

LINGARD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. Abridged, with a Continuation from 1688 to 1854, by James Burke, Esq., A.B.; and an Appendix to 1873; the whole preceded by a Memoir of Dr. Lingard, and Marginal Notes by M. J. Kerney, A.M. Third revised and enlarged edition. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., 1875. Received through Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

We heartily welcome the new edition of this abridgment, which, we believe, was originally intended as a class-book. It was, however, always too large for that purpose; yet we would like to see the individual who would dare to exclaim: "May its shadow ever be less!" To the contrary, it keeps on increasing in worth and beauty, till, as we look at its present fair proportions, we feel like crying out, with the bewildered admirers of little David Copperfield, "Aint he growed!" said Mr. Pegotty; "Aint he growed!" said Ham. It would seem almost a case of carrying coals to Newcastle, to say anything in praise of the sainted author or his immortal work. How the pigmies, Froude & Co., dwindle before the man whom the best-poised darts of prejudice and malice dare not assail. The veracity of this *only* history of England is a *fixed* star in the historical firmament, to which its literary merits are as a setting of bluest sky. Mr. Burke's continuation and abridgment were also intended for those readers to whom the magnitude of the original volumes rendered the whole a sealed book. Burke is Lingard minified, and the compendium is worthy of the original. The great charm of Lingard is in the fact that he is so thoroughly Catholic without appearing it. Even Miss Strickland could not compare with him in an expression of unbiassed judgment and unprejudiced investigation.

MARY, STAR OF THE SEA; or, A Garland of Living Flowers, culled from the Divine Scriptures and Woven to the Honor of the Holy Mother of God. A story of Catholic devotion. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1875. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

All works that tend to incite devotion to our Blessed Mother are eagerly accepted by Catholic readers. To many of them, however, this old standard and valuable book, which was so highly prized by Catholics of one or two generations back, has been an unknown mine of richest devotion. The Catholic Publication Society has, therefore, done a laudable work in reprinting it. Indeed, we are greatly gratified at the large number of new editions of standard works which are coming in upon us from all our Catholic publishers. It is an appreciative compliment and recognition of the valuable sources from which our ancestors, near or remote, drew that astonishingly vivid faith in which many of their descendants are, with so many newer opportunities, so sadly deficient. This turning again to the old founts of piety, while it by no means disparages the more modern methods and means of devotion, looks almost like an inspired attempt to instruct us by ancient examples as well as modern precepts. Reverence for the past is not a virtue peculiar to these days of "fastness," self-will, and false progress. Why should we not, as Catholics, in acquiring spiritual knowledge, do what all who aim at worldly perfection in secular pursuits ever seek—the study of the old masters? Let their teaching be the foundation of our spirituality; that of the moderns will serve better as an ornate superstructure. *Mary, Star of the Sea*, was once a very popular book. May it become so again. In its pages the form of a story has been adopted simply as a vehicle for the introduction of a series of dialogues, illustrative of the historical types of our dearest Lady, and an exposition of the doctrinal teachings of the Church regarding her, and the devotion paid to her by all sincere Catholics.

THE following books have been received and will receive notice in our next issue:—"Notes on the Rubrics of the Roman Ritual;" New York: P. O'Shea. "Madame de Laval's Bequest;" Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham & Son. "The Orphan Sisters;" N.Y.: Sadlier & Co. "Hubert's Wife;" Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. "The Lives of the Saints;" N. Y.: P. O'Shea. "Mrs. Gerald's Niece;" N. Y.: Sadlier & Co. "Rosemary;" Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. "The Young Doctor;" Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. "The Catholic Premium Library," first series; New York: Benzinger Bros.

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY



3 8151 001 16022 2

LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON. MASS

